

Night Thoughts and Day Dreams



C. Theressa Long

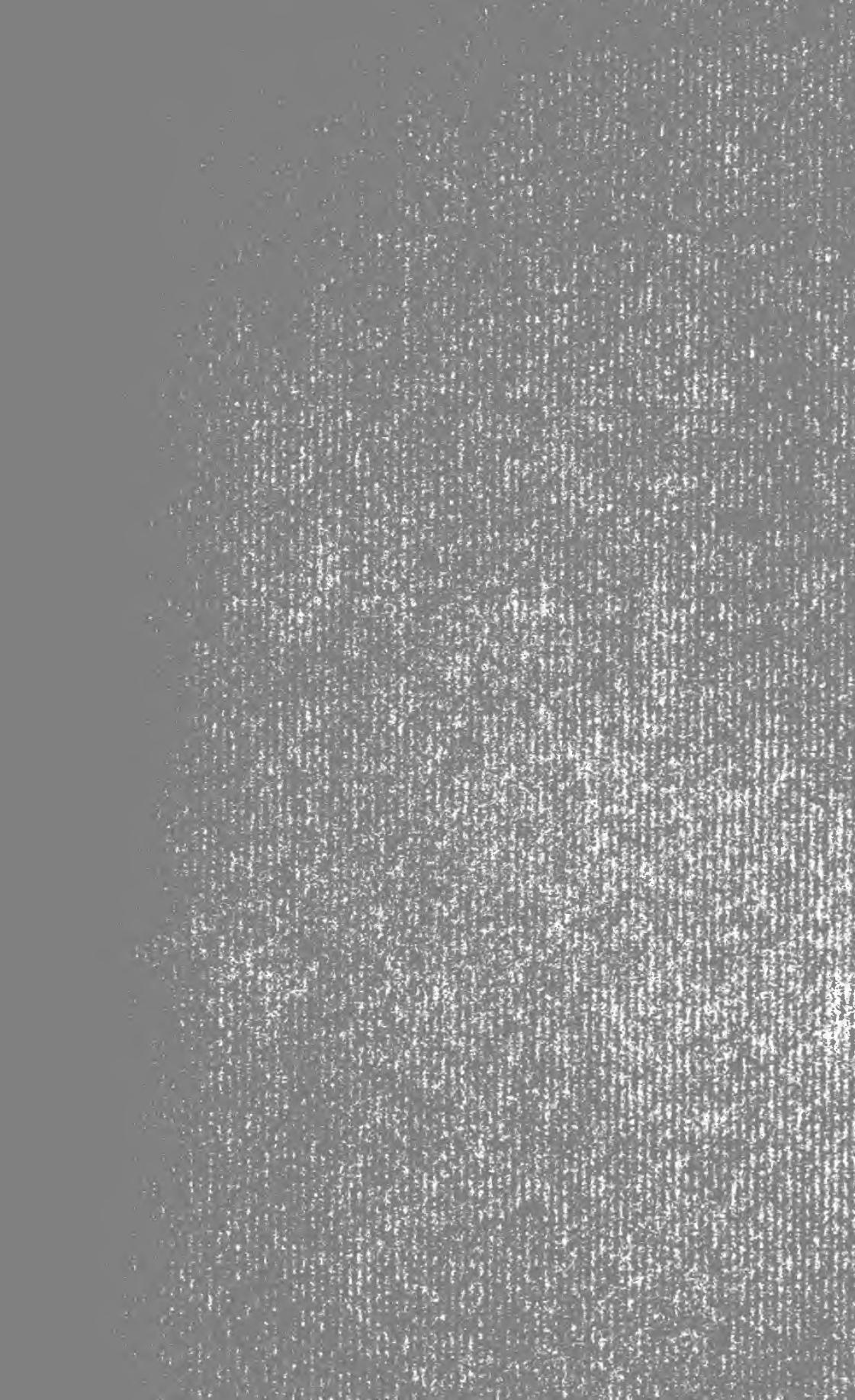


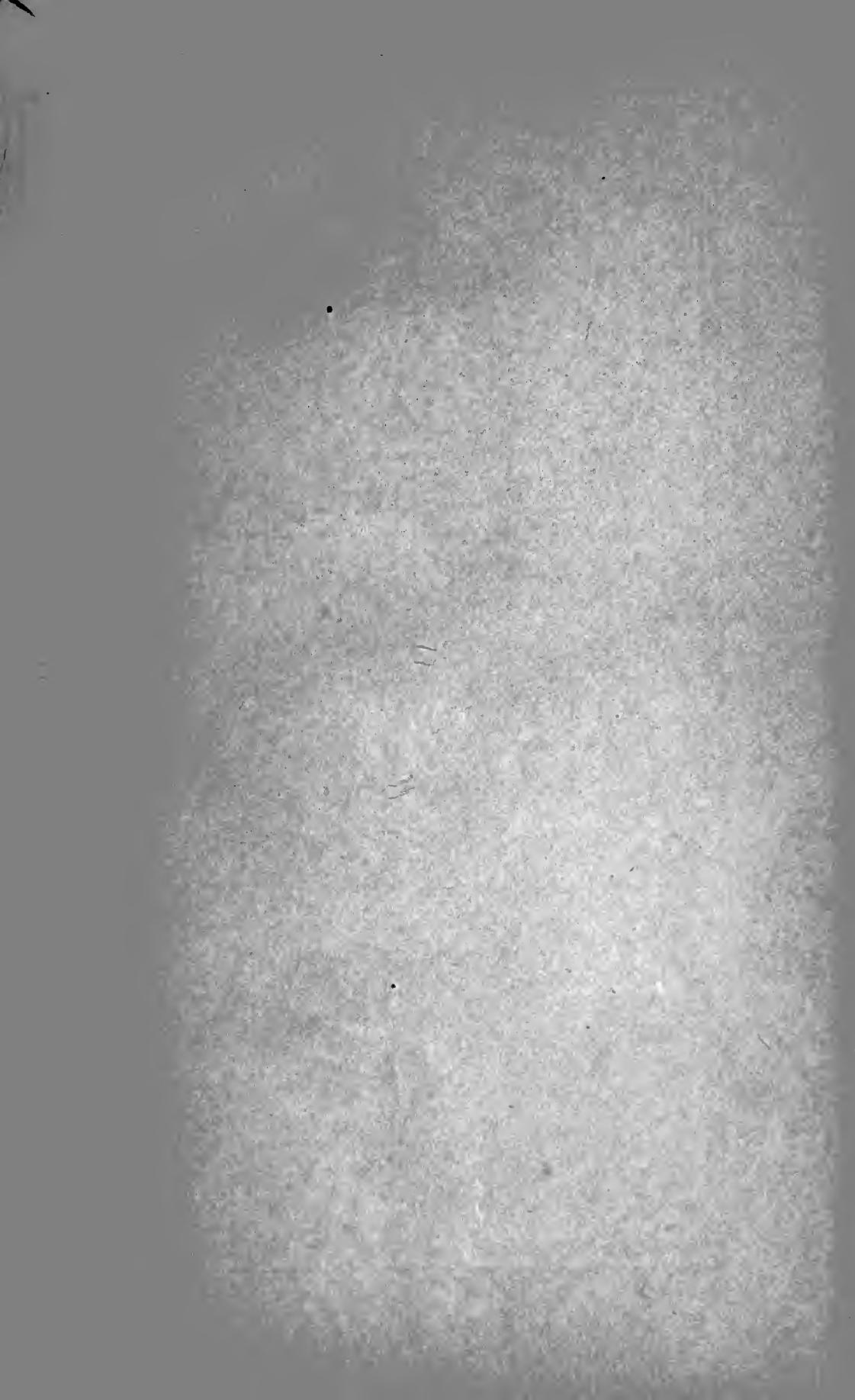
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Night Thoughts and Day Dreams

By
C. THERESSA LONG

*"A Book of Verses Underneath
the Bough"*



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DEDICATION

δ δ δ

TO MOTHER AND FRANCES

O Mother Mine, who counseled ne'er unwisely,

O Daughter Dear, with tender, starry eyes,

To you I dedicate this little volume

With all it holds of merry, sad, or wise.

Your loving glances of appreciation,

*Your heartfelt words of praise when I have read
Some half-clothed brain-child of the night's creation*

Have been the leaven for my Fancy's bread.

And now, complete, the volume lies before you.

Should it succeed, success is due to you;

And should it fail, grieve not because the Public

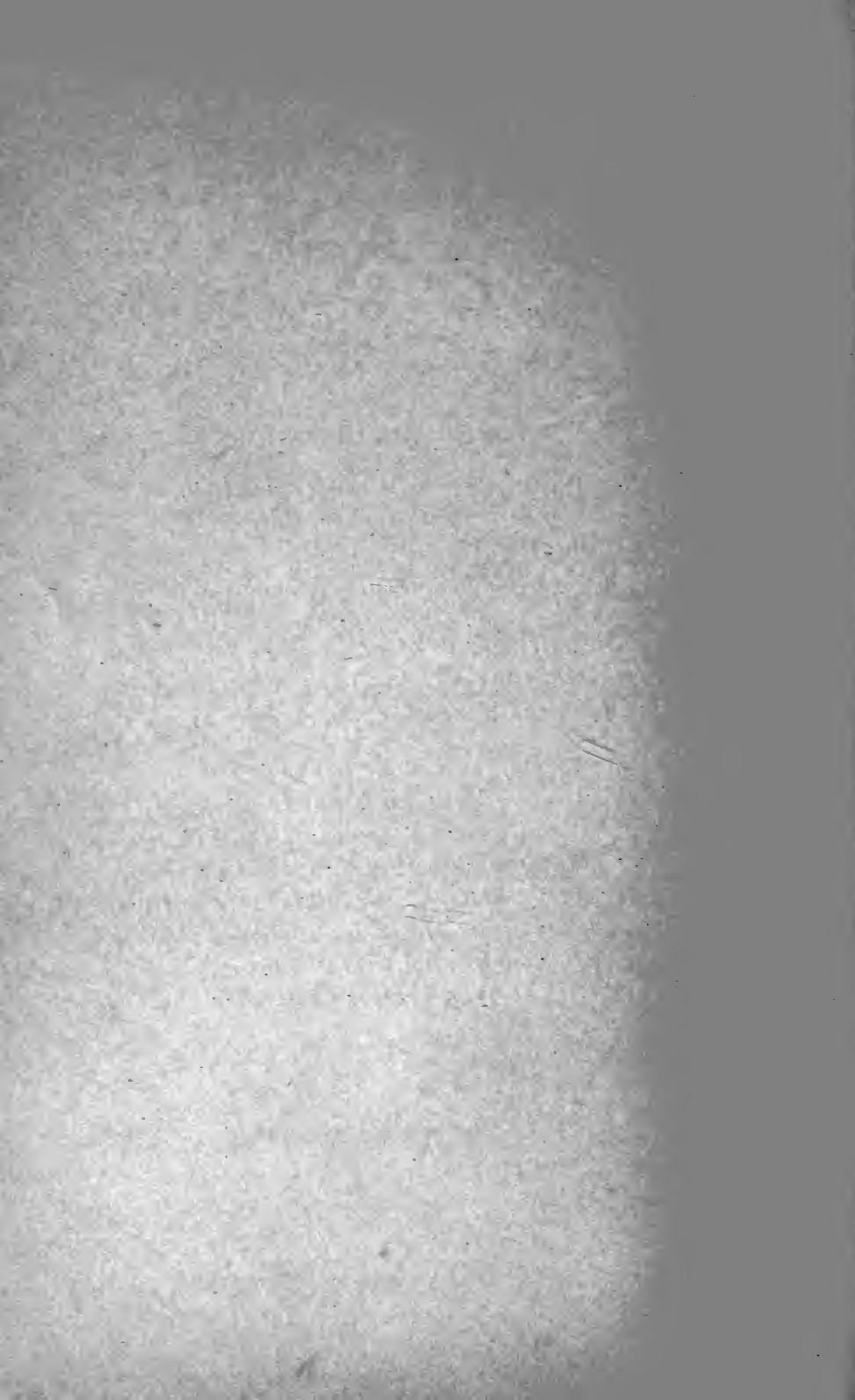
Views not my work as you, my loved ones, do;

For 'tis for YOU these rhyming lines were written,

For you, my nearest, dearest—and you'll view

Them ever thru your partial, roseate glasses.

We'll trust the World wears "colored glasses", too.



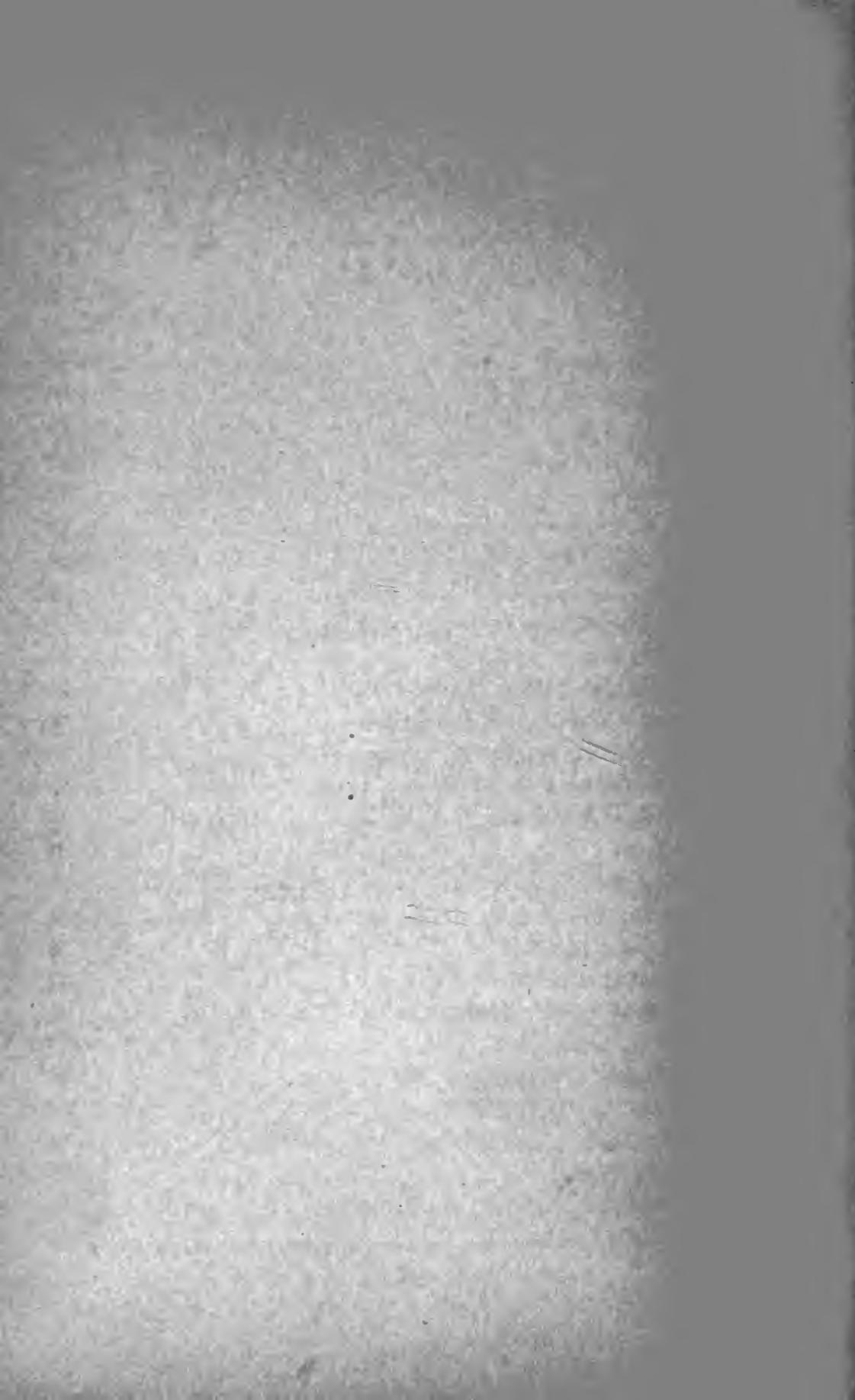


¶ Theresa Long.

FOR E W O R D

Some of these so-called "Poems" I have written by request, others have practically written themselves —figments of an idle or too imaginative brain, while still others have been reduced to paper to rid myself of their persistent haunting of my mind during wakeful hours when nature intended it should rest. The same force which impelled me to write them now impels me to give them thus to the Public, with the hope that they may give to the reader in some measure the comfort, pleasure, and diversion they have afforded me, their creator.

C. Theressa Long



CONTENTS

❀ ❀ ❀

At the Old Home.....	15
A Vain Longing.....	16
My Wish	17
"Thy Will Be Done".....	18
Introspectum	19
Queries to Prospective Bridegrooms.....	20
The Parting of the Ways.....	21
My Baby	22
Because You're You.....	23
Heart O' Mine.....	24
To My Daughter F. at Sixteen.....	25
A Teacher's Farewell to Co-Workers.....	26
Peace—Be Still, My Heart.....	27
To the Sweetheart of My Fancy.....	28
The Foreign Question.....	29
En Rapport	34
The "Appointed" Hour.....	36
Commencement	38
The Midnight Monitor.....	40
The Devastation of Deer Valley.....	42
What the Windows Told.....	44
The Sea of Hymen.....	48
The Institute "Problem".....	50
Tho You're not Queen of Spain.....	53
What Is Life?.....	54
A Horse's Prayer.....	56
Myself and I.....	58
Wisconsin Waysides	59

Retrospection	60
The County Fair.....	61
Our New Telephone.....	62
Livin' in the "Sooberbs".....	67
March	69
Smile Once in a While.....	70
Turnin' Over a New Leaf.....	72
Farmer Squashin'ton's Difficulties.....	73
The Child and the Flowers.....	77
The Birds' Hotel.....	78
Please	79
A Little Boy's Trouble.....	80
A Change of Heart.....	82
Nobody Cares for a Coon.....	84
How to Be Ladies and Gentlemen.....	85
The First Christmas.....	86
Children's New Year Resolution.....	88
Is Santa a "Spug"?.....	89
The Gnome's Story.....	91
Good-Luck Signs	99
To My Pupils (Closing Day).....	100
As Thy Sowing, So Shall Thy Reaping Be.....	101
Nil Nisi Cruce.....	102
Launch Out the Ship.....	103
"Inasmuch"	104
Fragment (Nameless)	105
Easter Tide	106
An Easter Vision.....	108
"Be Not Afraid—It Is I".....	111
"The Great Memorial".....	112
Behind the Bars.....	115
My Yokefellow	116

The Rum Curse.....	118
“Am I My Brother’s Keeper?”.....	120
The Drunkard’s Story.....	121
The Drunkard’s Wife and Baby.....	126
Don’t Kill the Birds.....	130
A Dreamer’s Reverie.....	133
The Saddest Word.....	134
The Land of Nod.....	135
My “Heart’s-Ease”	137
To a Pair of Twin Boys.....	139
Moonshine	140
The Isle of Buried Hopes.....	142
When I Come Home from the Store.....	143
Ode to a Toad.....	145
Thanksgiving	146
“Your Friend”	148
Could the Gods the Giftie Gie Us.....	149
Lawyer John’s Dilemma.....	150
The Journeys of Life and Death—Life.....	150
The Journeys of Life and Death—Death.....	152
The Orphan’s Lament.....	153
A Land of Peace in a World of War.....	155
September Rain	156
A Tale of Spirits.....	158
Evening in the “Bad Lands”.....	165
Meine Weise Taube (My White Dove)	166
In the Twilight (Consolation)	167
My Schooldays	169
My Treasure	170
Golden-Rod	172
Your Picture (To Old-time Pupils)	173
Sold Out (A Declaration of Independence)	175

Queries	177
The Old Year's Last Hours.....	179
The World Moves On.....	181
On the Road Home.....	182
A Siamese Twin.....	184
To a Rosemary Spray.....	186
Silver Maples	188
The Land of "Some Day".....	189
Washington Winter Fridays.....	192
I Long for You, My Dear.....	194
To My Friend S—.....	195
Playing Cribbage	197
The Trilliums' Magic.....	200
In the Garden 'Mid the Flowers.....	202
Some Day	205
What Shall We Do in Our Schools?.....	206
Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by.....	207
The Way O' the World.....	209
A January Day in Washington.....	210
Requeste	212
Sunrise at Vancouver, Wn.....	213
Night-Thoughts of a Pessimist.....	214
Night-Thoughts of an Optimist.....	215
Moonlight on the Columbia.....	217
Lamentatio—Patentia	218
Mother	219
Mother	220
Your Field—Life.....	221
Flowers of "Auld Lang Syne".....	222
Finis	224

**NIGHT THOUGHTS AND
DAY DREAMS**

AT THE OLD HOME.

 ♂ ♂ ♂

I see the fireflies' myriad lamps,
 I hear the whip-poor-will.
His plaintive call has sounded oft
 At night when all is still,
And yet a longing with me stays—
 Where is the old door-stone
We sat upon in bygone days?
 Alas! I'm here alone.

I hear the call, "Bob White! Bob White!"
 Thru lazy summer hours;
I roam the old woods-pasture thru
 And gather sweet wild-flowers.
They do not fill a longing heart—
 What is it that I miss?
We children are no more to beg
 Our mother's good-night kiss.

My childhood's mates play here no more,
 For some have wandered far,
And some are bound by sweet home ties
 While some have "Crossed the bar".
So the old home has lost its charm
 And holds less joy than pain,
For nevermore while time shall last
 May we meet here again.

A VAIN LONGING



Could you turn backward, O Time, with your sway
And grant me the wish of my sad heart to-day,
Carry me back o'er the vanishing years
Seen thru a mist of slow-gathering tears,
I'd ask you to give me—O God, had you power
To give me my boy again, just for an hour.

Just for an hour let me feel his dear face
Laid against mine with the old-time embrace,
Look in his eyes, hear his laugh glad and free—
But why do I ask it? It never can be.
The swift-moving years rolling by, tho' a span,
Have stolen my boy and have given me a man.

Given me a man, and alas! how I long
Just for my boy with his laughter and song.
Pitiless Time! Ah! you never may turn
Back to the Past tho' till death I may yearn.
All-loving Father, grant many a joy
To him who a year since was only "My Boy".

Only "My Boy", and my mother-heart clings
Round the dear Past that has sped on swift wings,
When safe from the world with its sin and its lure
His lips met my own, all unsullied and pure.
Father, protect him as none other can.—
The boy that I loved has been lost in the man.

MY WISH.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

I care not what my life shall miss
So this one blessing's left to me—
To meet in death my mother's kiss;
In that last hour her face to see;
To feel her arms about me twine;
To lay my head upon her breast;
To know her hand the last on mine
Before I go to my long rest.

And yet it seems heaven were less fair
And little beauty should I see,
If midst the saints in glory there
Her sweet face did not smile on me
With a fond welcome in her eyes.
The same sweet smile she's worn from birth
Were added glory to the skies,
For she's been angel, e'en on earth.

Father in heaven, Thy will be done.
One of those boons Thou canst not give.
If her last hour on earth shall come
And it be my lot yet to live,
Then let my arms about her twine,
Her head lie gently on my breast.
Let me hold last her hand in mine
And lay her down to her last rest.

Genesis, II, 24.
THY WILL BE DONE.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

I have wept till my eyes are swollen and red
And my heart, alas! is sore;
For the star-bright eyes and the nut-brown head
Are another's forever more.
Yes, my darling has given her hand and heart
And has gone from my door a wife.—
The "Whom God hath joined, let no man part"
For me heralds a lonely life.

They are ours, O mothers, to bear and rear,
To watch thru the long night hours,
To guide and to guard thru many a year
Till they bud and bloom—sweet flowers.
Then a strange step echoes along the floor;
A deep voice whispers low
A lover's vows. Tho our hearts are sore,
We must smile "God-speed!" as they go.

Their future is garlanded fair and bright
With dreams of roseate hue.
The cares that must come, like the long dark night,
Lie hidden from their view.
So we watch each go thru a mist of tears,
With a prayer to the Father above
That our darling's life, thru the coming years,
May be joy and peace and love.

INTROSPECTUM.

δ δ δ

What have I done in my life to make the world wiser or better?

Have I solaced a sorrow or helped to unrivet a fetter?

Have I given comfort to ailing or grieving or lonely?

Or have I but lived for myself—and that only?

Have I pitied the weak or the fallen, or aided or raised them?

Or have I sought out Fortune's favored and fawned on or praised them?

Have I lived but to give where need lies, thinking naught of the giving?

If I have, I have lived not in vain; such giving is LIVING.

Shall I have a regret, when too late, that the time God has given

Has lain fallow and fruitless thru life? Or have I ever striven

To so well live my life that God may, when life's time shall expire,

Say, "Well-done, faithful servant; accept now thy meed and come higher."

QUERIES TO PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOMS.

δ δ δ

Think you that you're asking a trifling thing ?

'Tis a maiden's pure young life

You ask when she puts on the wedding-ring

And steps from the church—your wife.

Do you know you're gaining a "treasure-trove" ?

Are you worthy that gift to own ?

Will she never ask for the bread of love

And receive in its stead a stone ?

Has your life been so noble, good, and true

You can ask her your thoughts to share ?

Or has there been much you would hide from view

Lest it startle your bride so fair ?

Are you giving the first love of your heart ?

Or is that heart but a grave

Of the withered hopes of a love whose smart

Will recoil on your wife—your slave ?

Are you sure to her you would call your wife

Affection will always be given ?

"A woman's love is a woman's life" ;

The walls of her home, her heaven.

Think well and long ere you ask her heart,

For 'tis not for "a year and a day".

"Whom God hath joined, let no man part,"

And your love must last alway.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

δ δ δ

Just a transient gleam from life's sunlit stream
Fell athwart mine own—when too late—
Then another sup from the bitter cup
Held so oft to my lips by Fate.
Ah! the bitter must go with the sweet, you know,
And the sadness clasp hands with the joy;
Yet a treasure I hold dearer far than gold—
Just the last caress of a boy.

All the bygone years with their grief and tears
Shall not sadden my heart to-day,
And the coming years hold no doubts nor fears
Of a love that will last alway.
And the worth of such love is of rubies above—
Purest gold and without alloy.
Not for all earth's bliss would I give the kiss
Left the last on my lips by a boy.

I'd in patience bear all the grief and care
That the future may hold in store
Could I only know, when from earth I go
And all trouble and pain are o'er,
That with me I'd bear to those realms so fair
(Where no moth nor no rust destroy)
When with life's last breath comes the Angel of Death,
One pure kiss from the heart of My Boy.

MY BABY.

♂ ♂ ♂

Oh, who begins to fret when I
 Get all things fixed to bake a pie
 And straightway then begins to cry?

My baby, O my baby!
 Oh, my baby, you naughty, naughty girl.

Oh, who begins to scratch and fight
 When I put on her nightgown white?
 Who will not sleep without the light?

My baby, O my baby!
 Oh, my baby, you naughty, naughty girl.

Who at the hour of midnight deep
 When all the house are fast asleep
 Her bright eyes will wide open keep?

My baby, O my baby!
 Oh, my baby, you naughty, naughty girl.

Oh, who, when I am feeling sad,
 Will laugh and crow to make me glad?
 The sweetest girl one ever had—

My baby, O my baby!
 Oh, my baby, you precious, precious girl.

Eighteen years later:
 Who came from heaven here to stay
 To be my comfort day by day?
 God's blessing on her rest alway—

My baby, O my baby!
 Oh, my baby, you precious, precious girl.

BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU.

δ δ δ

'Tis not because you're handsome that I'll love you evermore,—

I care not if your eyes be black or blue,
Or if your hair be curling or you wear it pompadour,

Since I love you because you're *you*.

Only because you are you, dear,

I'll be ever true, dear;

'Tis not because you're handsome that I love you as I do,
But because you're **YOU**.

'Tis not because you're wealthy with a mansion on the Square—

I care not for your tandem "built for two"

Nor for your automobile nor your carriage and your pair,

Since I love you because you're *you*.

Only because you are you, dear,

I'll be ever true, dear;

For 'tis not because you're wealthy that I love you as I do;
'Tis because you're **YOU**.

Did you work with pick and shovel I should love you even more.

Were a cottage small the home you'd take me to,
Our lives should be a honeymoon that never would be o'er

Since I love you because you're *you*.

Only because you are you, dear,

I'll be ever true, dear;

And our lives shall be a honeymoon that never will be o'er,
Since I love you because you're **YOU**.

HEART O' MINE.

σ σ σ

Ah! the days are oft so lonely,
Heart O' Mine,
And I'm dreaming of thee only,
Rain or shine.
It seems ages since we parted
And you on your journey started
Leaving me alone, sad-hearted,
Heart O' Mine.

Well you riveted each fetter,
Heart O' Mine,
And time drags between each letter.
Auld Lang Syne
Haunts my brain until I'm weary
And the days seem long and dreary—
Waiting for thy missive cheery,
Heart O' Mine.

“Absence makes the heart grow fonder.”
Heart O' Mine,
Ofttimes now on this I ponder—
Thine, or mine?
Just once more to see thee, Dear,
Just to know that thou wert near—
Methinks Paradise were here,
Heart O' Mine.

TO MY DAUGHTER FRANCES, AT SIXTEEN.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

Thou camest to me a fragile flower
Athwart life's desert bare,
A lodestar in life's gloomy night—
A promise bright and fair.

From then to now, by night or day,
Thou'st been my dearest care.
From every grief I've shielded thee
Save those we both did bear.

But the future is a sealèd book—
Its mysteries none may tell
Save God the loving Father
Who doeth all things well.

The present thou must use, dear child,
To build for future need.
Use well each fleeting moment, for
Thy gain must be thy meed.

Set high thy mark—as high as heaven.
The arrows “Love” and “Truth”
And “Faith” and “Honesty” aim with care
Thruout thy golden youth.

Let each night find each task well done;
“Upward” thy watchword be.
Thou art not building, Child, for Time,
But for Eternity.

A TEACHER'S FAREWELL TO CO-WORKERS.

❀ ❀ ❀

Gone is the pleasant year we've worked together;
The time has come for us to say "Farewell."
We go our separate ways thru life, and whether
We meet again on earth no one can tell
Save God, whose holy angels guard the Book
Of Life—nor at its pages grant one look.

And now we say "Good-Bye"—perhaps forever.
Each will take up life's work the coming year
Making new ties which Father Time will sever.
Building ofttimes in trembling and in fear,
Asking God's blessing on our work alway,
We weave the web of life from day to day.

For our life-work the warp by God is given;
The woof, you know, is at our own command.
A carpet-stair, leading from earth to heaven,
Let us then weave with steady, careful hand—
Stamping, with loving deed and earnest word,
Its pattern on the lives of all who've heard.

And now, farewell. The future lies before you.
Do well your work wherever you may go;
And whether sunny skies of June smile o'er you
Or chilling winds of dark December blow,
Be this your motto—"Each day but my best"—
And trust in God the Father for the rest.

To Mrs. J. W. J.

PEACE—BE STILL, MY HEART!

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

To meet, and love, and let our lives entwine

Until they seem a living pulsing part,
Each of the other—hers to go, and mine

The sadder lot, to stay.—Be still, my heart!

The ones who go less sad may ever be

Than are the loved ones whom they leave behind,
And she may miss the sorrow left to me.

Why should I grieve if God to her be kind?

How shall I live thru all the coming days—

The days I may not see the well-loved face—

My sweetest comfort memories of ways

Replete with kindness, love, and rarest grace?

How can I lose her, my dear friend of friends?

Her going saddens all my world for me.

Be still, my heart, for what the Father sends

Is best for all His children—her and thee.

So tho I may not know or understand

Why these our lives have met and touched, to part
(Like logs adrift) upon life's stream, God's hand

Will ever guide their course. Hush, then, my heart!
Cease thy repining! Since He wills 'tis best,

I know 'tis so, e'en tho they touch no more

Adown life's current till we, anchored, rest—

Heart answering heart—upon the Changeless Shore.

Sept., 1915.

TO THE SWEETHEART OF MY FANCY.

♂ ♂ ♂

When the day with all its worries
(Its toil and care) is gone,
When I'm sitting in the gloaming
Alone as night comes on,
I unlock the hidden chambers
Of my heart's most secret thought.
Then the World to me is only
"Where you are and where you're not".

Then in fancy you are with me—
I can almost see your face
And can feel your strong arms fold me
To your heart in fond embrace.
Tho 'tis all but idle dreaming
Pictured in the red coals' glow,
Yet it yields me many a pleasure
As my fancies come and go.

Touch as tender as a woman's,
Kindly eyes so tender, too,—
Sitting here my fancy paints you
Brave and noble, just and true.
Tho I've but your loyal friendship,
Yet to me it shall be more
Than all the fame or wealth or love
The world may hold in store.

THE FOREIGN QUESTION.

δ δ δ

(As viewed by Village Idlers.)

One night, about the long box stove
That warmed the grocery store,
Gathered the village idlers there
(Some seven, eight, or more).
There were Carl and Hans and Paddy,
Ole, Enrico, and Pete
(The big "Frencher"), and a Yankee
Who for wit was hard to beat.

Each was chaffing at the other
In a friendly sort of way ;
And every time Pat oped his mouth
The Deutscher Carl would say,
"Hark to der Paddy, poys. For vork
Him 'macht nicht aus' for much ;
But ven his mout' he spiels, he plays
Ter Teufel mit der Dutch."

Each was praising his own nation,
And, by what he had to say,
You'd deem him the best foster-son
Old Europe sent this way.
You'd think the native citizen
Would ne'er amount to much
If 'twere not for Swedes, Poles, and French,
The Irish and the Dutch.

Their blood, you know, needed new power—
These Yankees native bred
And born. Foreign inter-marriage
Was the only way, they said ;
But just which foreign "breed" was best
(This needed power to give)
Each claimed for his own native land.
None else were fit to live.

“Bay yawlly, Ay skol dank it gude,”
 Said Hans the fair-haired Swede,
 “To stir some Yankee blode mit *dees*;
 It mak von bully breed.
 Gat me von leedle Yankee Mees—
 Ten tousand ‘Panga’ in
 Her poket, or in gude, safe bank—
 To lofe her bane no sin.”

“Sacre!” said Pete the Frencher.
 “Sink you zis blood you boast
 For certainement ees *old*, like *mine*?
 Eet bettaire ees *zan* most.
 In ‘La Belle France’, *brides* hafe von DOT
 Zat thrills zis heart like wine.
 Ten hunerd sousand ‘Gould’-en francs
 Should pay for blood like *mine*.”

“Gotts Himmel!” then spoke swarthy Carl.
 “Frenchy, you vants not much!
 Alreaty you beats der Irish
 Und der Irish beats der Dutch.
 If some Yankee frau wants *Shairman* blude
 So red und rich like wine,
 Her girl, mit geld und sauer-kraut
 Und sausage can buy *mine*.”

“Now if yees had good Irish blood,”
 Said Paddy, “yees cud talk
 Av sellin’ it for money. For
 The thrue ‘Cock av the walk’
 Just take a son av Erin’s Isle;
 He’d rather foight than ate.
 Be Jabers! When yees talk av *blood*,
 Here’s one that’s hard to bate.

“We Irish do not wed for gold,
E’en carriers av the hod.
We may have kissed the blarney-stone
Before we left the sod,
But ’neath each coat there beats a heart
Av fire. A maiden’s breath
Can warm it into instant flame
Which naught can quench but death.

“But what would they do without us,
These Yankeeès over here ?
Where would they find policemen
That never know a fear ?
And judges av police coorts,
Ward politicians, too,
And aldhermen ? Say, but for us
What would this country do ?”

Up rose the Yankee to his feet,
His voice was firm but low.
“I’ve held my peace and listened, boys.
Your tongues have not been slow
To roast my country and her sons
(The Yankees) thru and thru.
It’s *my* turn now. Just hold *your* peace
And let me talk to you.

“You’ve come over by the millions ;
You’ve waxed both strong and fat.
You came not for this country’s good—
I’ll stake my life on that,
For there’s none of you philanthropist.
You’ve ate her meat and bread
And, like the viper, turned and stung
The hand that warmed and fed.

“You’ve made her *need* policemen bold
And penitentiaries, too.

You’ve fattened her divorce courts; all
Her strikes are due to you.

You’ve flaunted your red banner of
Anarchy on her shores.

You found a land of happy peace;
You’ve made one of festering sores

“Of discontent: and were you all
To Europe to repair

At once, none would be sorry save
Your brethren over there.

The question you propounded, Pat,
I’ll now reverse for you.

If it were not for *this* country,
What would the Irish do?

“In your times of want and famine,
She has given you from her stores.

To you who cared to emigrate
She opened wide her doors.

She clothed you and she fed you
In return for honest toil.

She gave you comfortable homes
From her stores of virgin soil.

“In your ‘Mother Country’ o’er the sea
You were bowed beneath the rod,
Yet she could but give you frugal fare
And a grave ‘neath Irish sod.

Here you’ve happy homes of plenty
(Or can have them if you will)
And can reach a hand to help the dear
Ones left in Europe still.

“Now here’s a piece of good advice—
 Take it for what it’s worth.
Stop quarreling. No matter now
 What country gave you birth,
You all are foster-brothers and
 As dear to her can be
As I, her own born son, am to
 My own Columbia.

“Boys, I know you love right fondly
 The land that gave you birth ;
To every one his native land
 Should dearest be on earth.
But to your foster-mother,
 America, be true ;
For you have far more need of her
 Than she can have of you.”

“What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.”

Lowell.

EN RAPPORT.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

How dear a woodland ramble to my heart
On some fair day at close of sunny June!
I wander far from homes and haunts of man
(With all the toil and heart-ache found therein)
To where his foot hath seldom left its trace,
Where shop nor spire nor iron horse is found,
And there commune alone with Nature's self.
Thru bosky dells whose babbling baby brooks
Make liquid melody to charm the ear;
Thru woodland paths where ferns grow shoulder-high
Entwined with gay wild-flowers whose fragrant breath
Is wafted on the air on either hand—
Dame Nature's incense to her God—I roam.

The whir of partridge and the song of thrush,
The sinuous glide of harmless snake that winds
His startled way thru grass and woodland fern,
The rabbit poised all motionless to watch
My advent as invader of his field,
The flash of butterfly, the hum of bee,
The young bird-mother brooding o'er her babes—
All these are soothing to my restless heart.

The noisy jay on near-by sapling sends
His strident call above the ruined home
His theft left desolate—himself the one
Discordant note found in the sweet wood-song,
The serpent in the Eden all about.

There, in the very heart of a deep wood,
I throw myself on bed of needles soft
Beneath the shade of over-hanging fir
And gaze with half-closed eyes at rifts of blue
Thru cool green boughs that over-arch my bed.
Around me and about the whir of life—
Of wood-life—deepens and drones on, until
Its quiet harmony pervades my heart
And I am one with Nature—just a child
That lays her tired head on mother's breast
And lists the lullaby that bids her sleep.

The cares that harass life are mine no more.
The kind All-Father seemeth ever near
To whisper words of hope and cheer and love
The while the mystic hours slip away;
And I am there with Him in sweet accord,
Lying in drowsy peace on Nature's lap—
So close that I can feel her throbbing heart.

THE "APPOINTED" HOUR.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

Of all the countless ages that have been
 Since first the mind of God conceived the plan
 To thus create and populate a world ;
 Of all the untold aeons yet to come
 Before that plan shall consummated be
 And He shall reign victorious o'er a host
 Created in His image, drawn to Him
 By bands of love that reach from heaven to earth,
 One day alone is all that He hath given
 To call our own—one day, and that—TO-DAY.

The Past is dead and cannot be recalled.
 Tho deep our grief and lasting, vain are tears
 And all regret. The Future is unborn ;
 And tho we hope and pray and fondly say,
 "We will do *this* or *that* when time shall make
 That future ours to do with as we will.",
 What the next hour into our lives shall bring
 No one may say but Him who holds all time
 Within the hollow of His mighty hand,
 Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls.

How have we builded in the yesterdays
 That form the Past in which we nevermore
 May build ? Well have we wrought, indeed, if naught
 Of vain regret is ours for time misspent.
 The Past is gone for aye; the Future yet
 Lieth within the mighty hand of God.
 The Present only unto us is given—
 The "Living Present", wherein we may speak
 And act and BE the man He wills; may live
 And work, and thus, perhaps, in His own time
 Redeem a wasted past, our field—TO-DAY.

TO-DAY, then, Brother, gird the armor on;
To-morrow is not thine to work in. When
Its sun once more shall gild the hills with light
And wake the twitt'ring birds in wind-swung nests,
Thine ear may be to all their merry songs
Forever closed; thy still, cold hands may lie
In quiet folded o'er thy pulseless breast;
Thine eye forever blind to sights of earth—
To all its beauty and to all its woe.

TO-DAY, then, choose. Waste not one precious hour
From out the curse which God in silence holds
And tipping, drops in mercy down to thee
Its treasure. Canst thou know how few there are
Remaining unto thee of those fair hours?
Then comes the night, when no man worketh. Choose
The better part while yet the choice is thine.
When comes that night, as it must come to all,
Be found with sheaf-filled arms within the field
In which He bade thee labor, there to wait
The coming of the Master and the call.

COMMENCEMENT.

❀ ❀ ❀

This is the time of rejoicing—the “Harvest Home” of your schooldays—

Rejoicing for labor well-done, rejoicing for tasks that are ended.

This is the time of rejoicing for knowledge earned by much effort,

Rejoicing that ever is yours a broader and clearer mind-vision.

This is the time of rejoicing that these, the heights you have mastered,

Allow you a wider horizon—a nobler view of life’s duties.

Yet but the foot-hills you’ve reached; the real Heights now are before you.

They beckon, allure, and enchant when once you enlist for their scaling,

Promising pleasure untold,—profit and pleasure well-blended,

Tho arduous labors await you and many a steep lies before you.

E’en as you stand at life’s threshold, you stand at the portals of knowledge;

Its halls stretch away from your vision, the labor of years to traverse them.

Enter and drink at the fount and so make your own for the taking

The growing mind’s manna and nectar that fill its broad dome to o’erflowing.

Make your own, but for the labor, the much-treasured wisdom of ages—

The fruit of long lives of endeavor, and which may be yours for the taking.

E'en as you stand at life's threshold, you stand at its
portals of knowledge.
In life's school 'tis not what you *will*, but alas! what you
must forms your lesson.
Knowledge of sin, strife, and sorrow commingled fills oft
to o'erflowing
The cup which the world holds to all and bids of each
drink, *nolens volens*.
Gird on the sword and the buckler—the buckler and sword
of God's welding;
His Word make your text-book thru life, your text-book,
your guide, and your armor.
Follow the footsteps divine of the Nazarene Jesus, your
Teacher;
And when life's last lesson is ended, may He with all
honor promote you—
Promote you from earth unto heaven, where a grander
Commencement awaits you.

THE MIDNIGHT MONITOR.

♂ ♂ ♂

One night I found the hours long—
My work that day had all gone wrong.
“There’s naught in life but toil and strife!”
This was my spirit’s mournful song.

Thru weary midnight hours that strain
Beat ceaselessly on nerve and brain,
When sweet and clear upon my ear
Fell a soft voice—this its refrain:

“Life is the time that God has given
Each soul to fit itself for heaven;
And then with wise all-seeing eyes
Bade man use labor for the leaven.

“So wherefore sit and idly sigh
Or on thine own frail strength rely?
Labor you must till you to dust
Return—nor can your life-work die.

“Then to life’s task with earnest zest,
Giving your fellows of your best
With each swift day that slips away,
And trust the Father for the rest.

“Blindly we strive each task to do
As best we may; nor I nor you
Hath power to know as on we go
Where lies the false or where the true.

“And so with each succeeding day
We plan and work and hope and pray,
 While to the vast unchanging past
Swiftly its hours slip away.

“Each day that dawns a duty holds;
Perchance some human life it molds.
 We may not know what joy or woe
Lies meshed within its hidden folds.

“Ah! well for us we may not know
Our influence for weal or woe.
 Our worth each day along life’s way
No one but God can judge, I trow.

“And so thruout thy life on earth
(Where toil and pain and care have birth)
 With trusting heart perform thy part
And let the Father judge its worth.”

The soft voice ceased; no sound was there
Upon the silent midnight air.
 The whole did seem a vivid dream
While nodding in my study chair.

Yet strangely was my mind at rest
When soon my head my pillow prest—
 That spirit dream so real did seem
That said, “God judges; do thy best.”

THE DEVASTATION OF DEER VALLEY.

❀ ❀ ❀

(A tale of the forest fires that swept Eastern Wash.,
Aug. 1910)'Twas in the heart of summer time,
A sultry August day.
Bathed in the golden sunlight
Deer Valley peaceful lay.Men went about their daily tasks
Nor gave a thought to harm;
The fire, yet several miles away,
Gave no cause for alarm.The day wore on—'twas past its noon
When the oppressive air
A sudden sense of danger brought.
The sunlight seemed a glare!The wind arose—a fierce, wild wind.
The flames leaped high and higher
Like dancing fiends from tree to tree.
The forest was on fire!The smoke rolled high in great, dark clouds.
The sun gave forth no light
But veiled his face behind the smoke.
'Twas dark as darkest night!At danger's call they bravely went—
Maid, matron, boy, and man—
Their help (save God) the mountain brooks
That thru the meadow ran.

The air was filled with smoke and flame,
And with each tortured breath
The people of that peaceful vale
Stood face to face with death.

Close by a brook a mother knelt,
Her babe clasped to her breast.
"Save him, O Lord!" (her constant prayer)
"And I can bear the rest."

All thru the long dark day and night
Gasping for breath she prayed
(Kneeling alone) to God for help;
No human power could aid.

Men tried in vain to save their homes;
But when the flames rolled on
They left a barren, dreary waste,
For every house was gone.

How sad the thought! Those happy homes
They ne'er may enter more.
Yet God is good: their lives were spared
Tho each has lost his store

Of worldly goods. But all are brave
And they in time will see
New homes arise, tho it ne'er can be
"Dear Valley" more to me.

Aug. 30, 1910.

WHAT THE WINDOWS TOLD.

❀ ❀ ❀

The night was coming on;
The evening lamps were lighted,
Electric bulb and gas and kerosene.
The shades were yet undrawn,
And I without, benighted,
Looked in on many a home, myself unseen.

Dreary the night and cold,
Yet on and on I wandered
O'er pavements rainswept and deserted quite.
List what the windows told!
Oft and again I've pondered
O'er scenes I viewed abroad that stormy night.

* * * *

Within the fire's red glow
I saw two lovers standing,
Arm linked in arm, with lovelight making bright
Their eyes; while soft and low
And yet with love's commanding
He sought her trothplight that November night.

Ah! for them "Love's Young Dream"
A halo has of glory.
Its golden chains, they deem, will e'er hold fast.
Love's "not what it doth seem"—
And yet the old, old story
Shall be retold as long as life shall last.

* * * *

Behold, a marriage feast!
An arch of flowers under,
Hand clasping hand, I saw a man and maid,
And heard the voice of priest—
“Let no man put asunder
Whom here together God hath joined,” he said.

And then guest after guest,
A living human cable,
Good wishes showered on groom and bride so fair,
While laugh and merry jest
Went round the banquet table
And “Wedding Bells” rang on the perfumed air.

* * * *

Slowly across a floor
A man was restless pacing
With worried eyes and sadly rumpled hair;
Then thru an open door
A white-capped nurse came, placing
Within his arms a tiny bundle fair.

O fatherhood most sweet!
This helpless little stranger
Is hers and thine, O father, given to thee
To make thy life complete—
To shield from every danger—
To yet more closely bind the ties that be.

* * * *

As on I wandered slow,
 November storm-winds sweeping
And driving rain from low-hung sullen cloud,
 Came to me, sad and low,
 The sound of bitter weeping
And many an oath and curse, both deep and loud.

A casement open hung;
 And one he'd vowed to cherish
He raised both voice and hand against that night.
 His wife with oath he flung
 Out in the storm to perish,
Nor naught cared he who stayed her trembling flight.

* * * *

With eyes tear-dimmed and wild
 Beside a battered table
I saw a lonely woman sitting; she
 Held in her arms a child
 (To hush its cries unable)
With yet another clinging to her knee.

A drunkard's babes and wife!
 Hunger and cold and sorrow
Had come to one who once was gay and fair.
 See now her wretched life—
 Dreading each sad to-morrow
That brings a drunken husband to her there.

* * * *

Still restless on I went
And knew nor cared not whither.
The wind and rain were over; dim stars shone.
The night was nearly spent—
What fate had led me hither
To see life's story's end? I heard a moan—

Upon a flowery bier
(The white-robed form revealing)
All that was mortal of a mother lay;
An open window near
A fair young girl was kneeling,
Too sad for tears, too bowed with grief to pray.

* * * *

I turned with weary feet
From sleep that knows no waking
On earth, but heralds unto realms above.
The pictures were complete—
A rosy morn was breaking
And all about awoke to life and love.

And then to do my part—
Each picture of life's story
To limn as outlined by the Father's plan
I pledged that day my heart;—
Neither for fame nor glory,
But as a duty to my fellow-man.

THE SEA OF HYMEN.



(A Wedding Day Admonition.)

You are starting to-day on a voyage for life
Over an unknown sea,
But your hearts are full of a happy love
And life's bright side is all that you see.

The sea you are sailing is strewn with wrecks
(You may see them on every hand),
For there's many a rock and sunken reef
And many a shoal of sand.

“The Matrimony” is a staunch old ship.
She's weathered full many a gale,
But she sometimes sails counter to all known charts
In spite of rudder or sail.

She's wrecked her thousands on desert isles
Hopeless in mind and heart,
For they chose unwisely their captain and crew
And neglected their ballast and chart.

Take *Love* for your captain and *Faith* for mate—
Yourselves must the cargo be.
Your ship is carrying precious freight;
Let your crew a picked one be.

Home, as a haven for weary feet;
Contentment, for blessings you see;
Hope, for times of adversity;
Forgiveness, for faults there will be.

These are “able seamen before the mast”.
Be sure that they ship with thee;
And for cook and purser—they’ll serve you well—
Take the Brothers *Economy*.

Use *Patience* for ballast and ballast well;
Let *Forbearance* your anchor be.
Make fast your anchor at sign of a storm,
For Hymen’s a treacherous sea.

If storms arise, and they often come
From weather side or from lee,
Tho trusting your captain, take on board
The Pilot of Galilee;

For your journey’s for life and the port is Heaven.
None knows the shoals like He.
He can take you to port in the wildest storm,
This Pilot of Galilee.

Good wishes alike to bride and groom
Please now accept from me.
May you have all the joy this world can give
In your voyage o’er Hymen’s Sea.

May the love that fills your hearts to-day
Grow more strong in adversity
And this happy day be the harbinger
Of happier days to be.

THE INSTITUTE "PROBLEM."

❀ ❀ ❀

(To a County School Superintendent.)

Last year, at close of Institute,

You asked some leading questions

And said the subject thru the year

Was open to suggestions

From one and all. You wished to know

If there should be "new features"

To make this Teachers' Institute

Of *interest* to teachers.

Now I presume that you had heard

Some side-groups idly talking

(As I have heard them oft when I

Have round the room been walking),

"Same old re-hash!" "How dry and dull!"

"They've sung that same old story

So long!" "If we had something *new*,

I'd feel like shouting 'Glory'!"

They never seemed to give a thought

At their "Indignation Meeting"

That only things of sterling worth

And truth will *bear* repeating;

And tho we've heard them twice or thrice

We shall find deeper meaning

And garner many a golden grain

Of truth by careful gleaning

O'er those old fields; nor paused to think
 The thoughtful lips that sow them
Are culled—the best found in the land—
 “By their deeds shall ye know them.”
And if we're told it o'er and o'er,
 Perchance—now *all* should heed it—
The boys and girls thruout the land
 Show we, their teachers, *need* it.

And did you note, as you passed by,
 What ofttimes I have noted,
That those who needed aid the most
 Were those whom I have quoted?
Those who as yet were amateurs
 In this glorious profession
Of pedagogy were the first
 In this fault-finding procession.

Now 'tis not wise to blame too much
 Nor to misjudge one's neighbors,
But all who look to each month-end
 To recompense their labors
Will be of those who cry, “Re-hash!”
 So, if you wish new features
For Institute, just try this plan:
 REGENERATE YOUR TEACHERS!

When they can feel a holy trust
Is theirs when parents send them
Their nearest, dearest, day by day,
And guide, guard, and defend them;
When they can see the coming man—
The doctor, lawyer, preacher,
In every idle little lad

Who now annoys his teacher;

When they can work year after year
And pleasure take in working
Even when many a care besets,
Never a duty shirking;
Can guide and mold those growing minds
(With child-love for the leaven)
And lead them upward o'er a path
That leads to highest heaven,

Each teacher will enjoy these days
And find them all too fleeting.
No State law then will need to read:
“You *must* attend this meeting.”
No need for “entertainment” then
To “pass the time” for teachers,
But each will seek the help he needs
And find *without* “new” features.

THO YOU'RE NOT QUEEN OF SPAIN.

δ δ δ

(To Sister Ruby.)

Tho you are not the Queen of Spain,
You have the queen's best joys
Without her woes—a baby girl,
Two rosy, romping boys.
Tho toes may peep from each worn shoe
And four brown knees show bare,
The infant heirs to the Spanish throne
Were never half so fair.

Tho you are not the Queen of Spain,
Yours is the better part—
Queen of your home, your little ones,
And of a good man's heart.
True, he's no king (save as all are kings
Who fight Fate and win, alone);
But his sons are heirs to sturdy health
Instead of a tottering throne.

Tho you are not the Queen of Spain,
You are happier far than she.
While your days are filled with loving toil,
Your sleep from care is free.
The nightmare "Revolt" haunts not your dreams
With terrors in its train,
And you can rejoice with thankful heart
That you're not Queen of Spain.

Puyallup, Wash., Aug., 1909.

WHAT IS LIFE?

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

I met two spirits in a dream.

One was most fair and bright
And more than beautiful did seem,
While one was dark as night.

As one upon my right did stand
And sadly gaze on me,
The other stood at my left hand
And eyed me tenderly.

He on the left then touched my arm.
“Ask what thou wilt,” said he.
“Nay, start not so—we mean no harm.
Ask—we will answer thee.”

“Yes, ask!” the spirit dark then quoth,
“And our replies shall be
As widely different, given by both,
As we two whom you see.”

Then, taking heart, I whispered brave,
“What *is* life? Tell me true.”
The dream replies those spirits gave
(In turn) I pen for you.

Dark Spirit: From cradle to grave, a few short years
Of pain and pleasure, joy and tears.

Bright Spirit: The time the Father God has given
To fit the soul to enter heaven.

Dark Spirit: Some fleeting hours of strife and sin—
Brief time, perhaps, to repent them in.

Bright Spirit: The track whereon the human race
Must run while God records the pace.

Dark Spirit: Known thread that links, like stepping-
stone,
An unknown Future to a Past unknown.

Bright Spirit: A pathway leading to a door
Called Death, which guards the shining
shore.

Dark Spirit: Jail of the soul, whose turnkey Death
Unlocks the cell with Life's last breath.

Bright Spirit: A time for worthy deeds of love
That show us kin to Christ above.

“*Us kin to Christ*”—the echo ceased,
I woke. How real it seemed!
The sun was shining in the east
And I had only dreamed.

A HORSE'S PRAYER.

δ δ δ

My lord and master, list—I pray—to me.
Heed thou the prayer a horse prays unto thee.
I ask but just deserts for service true
Thru heat and cold I've rendered thee. I do
But ask, O master, that from winter's storm
I am protected in a stable warm—
But set with windows that the God-given light
May pierce the darkness which imperils sight;
That needful portion of sweet grass or hay
Be fed me from thy hand each passing day—
Spared from the store my labor for thee won
By toil and sweat 'neath sultry summer sun.
Cut not a hole in ice-bound stream and think
(Since I nose not the floating ice to drink)
I know not thirst; nor drive thru burning sun
For endless hours, and till the day be done
Offer me naught to slake my torturing thirst.
When drinking oft thyself, bethink thee first
Upon that rule which says, "To others do
As you would they in turn should do to you."
The cruel spur and quirt I pray thee spare;
The barbed bit, too, their banishment should share,
So that my tender mouth no more may feel
Its biting sting, nor champ its blood-stained steel.
In pity spare my aching neck, I pray,
From torturing, tight-drawn check thruout the day;
And spare the whip when I, in sheer alarm,
Shy at some sound because I fear that harm
Or danger threatens—since thy needless blind
Shuts from my view the cause of sounds behind.

Bear with me, master, while once more with thee
I plead. Dock not the tail God gave to me,
My one protection from bloodthirsty flies.
How can that bleeding stump e'er please thy eyes?
Desist, I beg thee. Spare me—'tis but right.
E'en tho time hides that cruel wound from sight,
Remember I, thruout my life, must bear
The loss. . . . Then list, I beg, my humble prayer.
Last, tho not least, I pray thee to me give
A pleasant word or gentle pat. To live
With curse and blow our daily lot from one
For whom we willing toil from morn till sun
Goes down—that fate is ours too oft. I pray
Just for a kindly word or so each day
From thee to me. And now these things again
I ask, for a poor horse's sake. . . . AMEN.

MYSELF AND I.

δ δ δ

“I’m twins, I guess, ’cause my ma say
I’m two little girls. And one o’ me
Is good little girl and t’other’n, she
Is bad little girl as she can be.
An’ ma say so most ever’ day.”

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Myself and I together dwell
On a street of a little town.
Myself gives a nod and a smile as well ;
I greet the world oft with a frown.
Myself says, “The world is a beautiful place.”
“ ’Tis full of sorrow,” say I.
Myself greets the day with smiling face ;
I, oft, with a dreary sigh.

Silent and stern do I walk the street ;
Myself goes whistling along.
I hurry on, greeting none I meet,
Myself sings a merry song.
The heart I own has a shell-like crust—
I know nobody cares for *me*.
Myself says, “Care for others you must,
For ‘You reap as you sow,’ ” says she.

Myself with lavish hand would give,
But I hold the purse-strings tight.
For others daily Myself would live;
I grudge but the "widow's mite".
Myself feels grief at each sob or moan
Whatever the sufferer's sin;
I say, "He must reap what he has sown,"
And recall what his faults have been.

I, by God's mercy to mortals sent,
May one day reach the throne above;
Myself at heart is a penitent
Who asks for His care and love.
And so we live from day to day;
But let me confide to you
There are few who know, as we go our way,
That one body holds us two.

WISCONSIN WAYSIDES.

♂ ♂ ♂

Waysides of old Wisconsin, with your bumblebees and clover,
Your thistles sweet and golden-rod to tempt the buzzing rover,
Your honey bees with yellow thighs feasting on nectared treasures,
Your flower-strewn aisles 'neath spreading elms to crown my many pleasures—
Waysides of old Wisconsin, no matter where I roam,
Thru August days I feel your lure and "Every road leads HOME."

RETROSPECTION.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

Solitary, by my fireside, with my little one asleep,
Here I sit; and as the clock ticks, vigils with the past I keep.

Strange indeed the thots they waken as they bring before my view
Pictures of days long forgotten, fraught with memories of you.

Days when I was young and happy, and the world was wondrous fair;
When my roof-tree was yours also and we neither knew a care.

When the thots my mind was framing trembled on your lips in speech
And some song (to both familiar) sprang at once to lips of each.

Days when I drank deep of anguish and your presence bro't relief;
Days when oft our tears were mingled—you were grieving o'er my grief.

They have vanished; why recall them? 'Twere as vain to wish them
back
As to ask that we be carried backward o'er life's beaten track.

Never, tho' our lives should lengthen into centuries untold
Can we regain the sweet communion that was ours in days of old.

We may search amid Time's ruins long with careful hand and eye,
But we ne'er shall find the heart touch that we lost in days gone by.

Round your life are loved ones clinging; blessed home ties bind you
fast.
You are living in the present; I, alas! dwell in the past.

Sad the thots this vigil brings me, yet it brings me pleasure, too;
For once more I live the days of "Auld Lang Syne" and am with you.

Here I sit and con them over as they one by one unfold—
Pages locked in Mem'ry's casket. Is this comfort that they hold?

"Comfort? Comfort scorned of devils. This is truth the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But alas! we can't bribe Memory; tho' we strive, 'tis but in vain.
While life lasts we must accept her offerings of joy or pain.

So with Memory my companion, I re-view life's withered flowers
And the fairest wreath she shows me is the love that once was ours.

JINGLES OF "FARMER SQUASHIN'TON."

♂ ♂ ♂

THE COUNTY FAIR.

Mike Roley's on the tramp with his ol' baskit,
A-getherin' apples (big beyond compare)
An' farmers comin' in with giant cornstalks—
To-morrow will begin the County Fair.

The Grangers now air polishin' their pumpkins
Till you c'n see yer face reflected there.
On the air I ketch a whiff of big red onions—
To-morrow morn begins the County Fair.

In many a kitchen's hurry now an' bustle;
The smell o' cookin' quite perfumes the air.
Big feathery cakes an' juicy pies air bakin'
To set in state to-morrow at the Fair.

The gals air buyin' ribbins new an' laces;
You c'n hear their merry voices ev'rywhere.
A look o' joy is on their bright young faces—
They 'spect to go to-morrow to the Fair.

The lads air curryin' nags an' cleanin' harness;
Their bikes an' autos all air in repair.
They're figgerin' on takin' in the races
An' shows an' sech—down to the County Fair.

The smell o' rain-cooled sod is in my nostrils;
Blackbirds in whistlin' flocks fly thru the air.
I'll bet she's fixed to rain next week LIKE SIXTY,
Fer to-morrow will begin the County Fair.

OUR NEW TELEPHONE.

♂ ♂ ♂

(By permission of Laurie E. Zabler, who is as much to blame fer this as is Farmer Squashin'ton.)

Most ev'rybody's got a phone;
So our neighbors talked it over
An' said if they could have one, too,
They'd think they were in clover.
So Donovan and "Pa" Belisle
They made the rounds together
One rainy Sunday afternoon
Regardless of the weather.

They wanted us to sign our names
An' promise sure to pay
Twenty dollars down in cash
Somewhere 'bout New Year's day.
So Ma an' us, we writ our names,
But writ 'em on one line—
Thot maybe 'twouldn't be so hard
Fer us to stand the "fine".

At last they got the names all down,
Some fifteen—more or less.
The ones that talked the loudest first
Backed out at last, I guess.
But that's the way it's always been
In many a bigger fight—
The sayin' is that barkin' dogs
Seldom or never bite.

The money was paid, the poles were set,
An' soon the wires were stretched;
An' at a meetin' they all said
If anyone was ketched
A-takin' the receiver down
An' listenin' on the sly,
A fine he'd surely have to pay—
Listenin' should cost him high.

The phones were in an' on our loop
They said as how they'd do.
Each one should have a certain ring
He'd have to answer to.
X. White's was *one*, La Londe's was *four*,
While we were number *three*;
Neighbor Degermark was *two*
An' Belisle was *five* to be.

Next day they had some trouble
With our neighbors' phones an' so
They tied the loops together;
But that I didn't know,
So that mornin' when I heard three rings
I answered right away,
But when I took the receiver down
The dickens was to pay.

There was three of 'em a-talkin'
An' when I spoke up, too,
"Hang up, you rubber-neck!" said one.
"We didn't ring fer *you*."
Now as we got that telephone
From a bizness point o' view,
That they should think I'd "rubber"
Sort o' put me in a stew.

I jest couldn't understand it
Fer I knew that call was *three*,
An' they said, just the night afore,
That three rings would mean me.
So when our call rang out agin
An' I heard that same voice speakin',
I told him who it was afore
'At he had thot was sneakin'.

Of course he then apologized
An' set the matter right.
He also said, "The rings are changed
Until tmorrow night,
When we hope to be connected
With 'Central' in the town
An' reach our friends on other lines
An' do the thing up brown."

Well, the word came, "We're connected."

Ma said she's glad, as how
She'd like to get the Orchards Line
To hear about her cow.
So I thot I'd call up "Central", for
(Maybe you won't believe her)
Ma says she's kinda shaky
About handlin' that receiver.

So I rang *two rings* to call her
An' rang an' rang agin.
The time I had would cause a man
To want to swear like sin.
At last I heard a feeble voice
Much like a zephyr sighin',
An' found that Neighbor Nelson
In Vancouver was a-tryin'

To get his wife. "I want a *man*,"
Said I to him, quite jokin'.
Says he, "I've got *your man* right here."
Now isn't it provokin'
That on telephones, as otherwheres,
(It's strange, somehow or other)
In tryin' to "get" one man—well,
One sometimes gets another;—

An' that other was my husband. Well,
I explained the thing away,
Yet he said he'd "caught me at it"
When he came home Saturday.
Ma got her line. Receivers clicked.
" "Twill be well known," she said,
"That calf's a *male* an' Dick A'Vann
Has knocked it in the head."

Now Mommy's something of a wag—
Says if she had a beau
She'd do her courtin' o'er the phone
So *everybody'd* know;
An' if a breach o' promise suit
Came bobbin' up some day,
She could prove it by the telephone
Just what that man *did* say.

"There's no great loss without some gain,"
My Ma is wont to say,
But I really never thot as how
It could come about *that* way.
But things are workin' smoother now,
An' let it be well known
That we're as proud as any one
Of our new Telephone.

LIVIN' IN THE SOOBERBS.

δ δ δ

There's a curus thing about me; when I've lots o'work
to do

It makes me pessimistic. Duz it serve you that way, too?
I've ben getherin' in my chickings an' I'm drabbled to
the knee.

This livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

Course you c'n git a job down town an' go in on the car,
When suddenly—*the power is off!* an' I wonder where
you are?

There's nothin' but to "hoof it" in, mebbe six mile, mebbe
three.

This livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

The wood-man brings you any trash when he hauls up your
wood;

Don't make a mite o' difference to him ef it's *bad er good*.
An' then the wood-saw cuts it from eight-inch to twenty-
three.

This livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

The neighbors tie their bloomin' cows snug up agin your
fence

(Where they feed at your convenience—if not at your
expense)

An' there they bawl all thru the night till you're nervous
as a flea.

This livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

O' course you *must* keep chickings. Ev'ry grain o' sense
they lack

Fer soon as they git out they start right fer the street-car
track,

An' then the car runs over 'em. It's killed six er seven
fer me.

This livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

An' if you keep 'em yarded up, they neither lay ner
thrive—

Takes all 'at you c'n feed 'em jest to keep the things alive.
Hawks an' skunks, jest like the country; an' I think you'll
all agree

That livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

An' when it's rainin' cats an' dogs you hev to slosh around
An' ketch an' lead some horse estrays down to the city
pound;

Fer they come an' roll an tromp your lawn till you feel
like talkin' free.

This livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be.

Now if you live right down in town the Chinaman will
bring

To your back-door each mornin' every blessed growin'
thing;

But 'way out here he never comes—You must raise 'em.
Don't you see

That livin' in the Sooberbs ain't what it's cracked up to be?

I'm so cold an' wet an' tired that "I don't know where
I'm at."

I b'lieve I'll sell the chickings an' chloroform the cat,
An' I'll visit my relations; fer jest between you an' me,
A home out in the Sooberbs *ain't* what it's cracked *up* to be.

MARCH.

♂ ♂ ♂

9 a. m.

The lilac buds are swelling; there's a flash of bluebird's
wing.

'Neath eaves the swallows twitter; on boughs the robins
sing.

Hazels hang out their tassels; gray-green silk adorns the
larch.

Lawns glow with daffodillies and crocuses—'Tis March!

10 a. m.

A crow caws from a tree-top; the skies are gray and chill
And wreaths of fog envelop river and vale and hill.

In mists Mt. Hood is shrouded; dark clouds obscure the sun
And frogs croak in the marshes. 'Tis March in Wash-
ington.

CANNERY LORE.
SMILE ONCE IN A WHILE.

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Yes, I'm workin' in the "Cannery"—
Thought I'd try it fer a spell—
An' the grumblin' thet I've heard there
 No mortal tongue c'n tell,
Fer it's grumble, grumble, grumble,
Till the air is all a rumble.
 How I wisht somebody'd smile
 Once in a while!

The Cannery ain't no heaven—
 I'm mighty sure it ain't—
(Fer this town, altho no "Sodom"
 Is far enough from "Saint")
But it has its share of trouble;
Don't you try to make it double
 By growlin', growlin', growlin' all the while.
 Call a smile!

An' your berries ain't *quite* perfect,
 To be sure. 'Tis also true
If they were, they'd do fer shippin'
 An' there'd be no use fer *you*.
Jest be thankful, tho they're small,
Ef there's only work fer all
 An' quit "knockin'" all the while.
 Sit an' smile!

Yes, "the world owes you a livin' ;"
 But I'm very sure you know
You must labor to collect it,
 No matter where you go.
An' the Cannery (if you'll let 'er)
'Ll be collector; there's few better.
 Don't malign 'er all the while;
 Work an' smile.

Washin'ton's not the *worst* state,
 You c'n bet a dime it ain't.
Don't go an' give your glasses
 A coat o' fresh blue paint
When the "boys" come luggin' "culls"
Thet are chiefly *stems* an' *hulls*.
 You'll get better berries after while—
 Ef you smile.

An' Cannery's *not* the "dirtiest place"
 You've "ever, ever seen".
Put your conscience in your fingers,
 When you work, an' do it *clean*.
Pick the hulls off. Use your eyes
When you grade, an' grade fer *size*;
 An' the ones thet run the Cannery, after while
 C'n smile—an' smile.

TURNIN' OVER A NEW LEAF.

❀ ❀ ❀

(Farmer S. on "New Year's Resolutions".)

Ain't a makin' New Year resolutions—no, not I.

'Tain't no sort o' use to make 'em

'Cause, you know, you *allus* break 'em—

Ofttimes 'fore the ink you waste to write 'em with gets dry.

Yes, I've heard 'em, an' I've made 'em often; so hev you.

"Nary drink, game, ner seegar, Sir,

Chew ner oath", an' there you are, Sir,

Jest a little lower than the angels—were it true.

These 'ere high-flown New Year resolutions ain't no *good*.

Do you think to come out winners

An' make angels out o' sinners

Over night, by "resolutin' "? Couldn't, ef you would.

Resky, this 'ere hitchin' of yer waggin to a star!

Lookin' high, you're sure to stumble;

First you know you'll get a tumble.

You must mind yer feet to travel safely where you are!

Ef you've drank an' swore an' smoked an' gambled half
yer life,

Don't expect you're goin' to quit 'em

All at once an' jest fergit 'em

Simply 'cause you made a New Year promise to your wife!

All them filthy habits 'at you've got, Sir,—*Believe me*

'Twill be harder work to break 'em

Than it was, my friend, to *make* 'em,

Fer you only wove a thread each day, Sir, don't you see;

An' the proper time fer resolutin', my good friend,
Was afore you wove this cable
Of bad habits. Ef you're able
Now to quit 'em, 'twill take perseverance without end.

Not New Year, but *ev'ry* day resolve, Sir. Mind your eye!
Take a fresh hitch to yer pants, Sir;
Give yer better self a chance, Sir.
With God's help, in time you'll mebby conquer—ef you try.

As I said afore, when this to-night, Sir, I began,
No New Year resolves fer me, Sir,
Jest to break; because you see, Sir,
By God's help, I'll *ev'ry* day resolve to BE A MAN.

FARMER SQUASHIN'TON'S DIFFICULTIES.

❀ ❀ ❀

(A Tale of Woe and Worms.)

My friends say I'm a pessimist,
But 'tain't in no ways true—
I'm jest so mortal worried 'at
I dunno what to do,
Fer I'm jest 'bout plum discouraged;
An' ef you'd like to know
The reason, an' will listen, I'll
Relate my "Tale of Woe".

You know of late it's ben found out
'At air is full o' germs—
An' water, too; but I don't care.
My trouble's bugs an' worms,
Apers an' curly cue an' scale—
There ain't a blessed thing
Exempt from some destroyin' pest,
Er so it seems this spring.

There's green worms fer the cabbage leaf
An' white ones fer the root;
An', 'zif that wasn't harm enough,
They're louzy some, to boot.
You set 'em out an' water 'em,
You work hour after hour.
All 'at the cutworm doesn't take
The other worms devour.

There's white worms in the radishes;
The turnips they destroy:
Th' outside looks like a R. R. map
O' the State of Illinoy
An' feels much like a grater.
Th' inside's a catacomb,
As full o' windin' passages
As them of ancient Rome.

There's wireworms fer the sweet corn
An' chints bug fer the wheat.
Ef frost an' blight destroy the beans,
What *can* we raise to eat?
The lettuce leaves is louzy an'
Them nasty, fat green apers
Has hidden in the bloomin' peas
An' cut all sorts o' capers.

There's cutworms fer the onions;
They foller down a row
An' cut off ev'ry onion top
Smack to the ground. You know
The striped bug fer years an' years
In legions beyond number
Has et the baby squash vine;
Now he feasts on young cucumber.

Your fruit trees keep you hustlin'
From daylight until dark.
The curly cue attacks the fruit,
The scale hides in the bark,
An' then the apers eats the leaves
An' the cuddling moth I fear.
You c'n travel with a spray pump
'Bout twelve months o' the year.

An' then, them pesky blowflies,
They "blow" all 'at's in sight—
So 'fraid the worm supply'll run short
They work both day an' night—
Meat (cooked er raw), potaters,
Cooked cabbage an' beans, too,
An' even greens. Ef you'd stand still,
They'd blow yer nose fer you.

What spindlin' truck survives 'em an'
 Gets big enough to eat,—
You'd better look it over well,
 Less'n you're fond o' meat.

A simple microscope'll do—
 Examine ev'ry one.
That won't show you the microbees,
 But pshaw! they don't hurt none.

An' when you've slashed an' cut an' cleaned,
 No matter what you do
There's meat enough left in 'em yet
 To make a rest'rant stew.
"Ev'ry cloud's a silver linin'?"?
 You say. Well, you jest bet;
Fer the striped-back potater bug
 'Hain't found his way here yet.

But we've worms enough to manage.
 I'll tell you what you'll do;
You'll jest give up an' die some day,
 An' then they'll eat you, too.
But I intend to fool 'em there
 A couple, fer you see
I'm goin' to be *cremated*. I'm
 Jest bound they shan't eat ME.

(Young Folks' Poems.)

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

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CHILD:

“Buttercups and Daisies, yellow Cowslips, too,
Thru the long, cold winter, tell me what you do.
Down among the grasses, underneath the snow,
Tell me how you pass the time when the cold winds blow.”

BUTTERCUP:

Oh, we're never lonely; we are never sad,
For we're dreaming day by day how we'll make you
glad—
How we'll bring you pleasure, happiness, and cheer
When the winter's over and glad spring is here.

DAISY:

We don't feel the cold winds nor the winter storm,
For the soft snow-blanket o'er us keeps us warm.
And the little butterflies now are sleeping, too,
Wrapped up in their soft cocoons all the winter thru.

COWSLIP:

When the joyous butterflies flit among the flowers
And the bird-songs lilt away thru the sunny hours,
Then we'll see the sunshine and the dear, blue skies.
Then we'll see the joy that lives in your sparkling eyes.

ALL:

So we all are happy, waiting for the spring
When we'll hear the hum of bees and the robins sing.
Mother Nature safe from harm each wee flower will keep.
Now, dear Child, we'll say “Good-bye”; we must go to
sleep.

THE BIRDS' HOTEL.

♂ ♂ ♂

A wee bird flew to my window-sill;

Another came hopping up the walk.
Each cocked his eye and wiped his bill,

Then said to me (for birds can talk),
"Since the Lord has given you and to spare,
Will you please with a hungry birdie share?

"'Tis winter now and the cold winds blow;

Our bed at night is a wet fir-bough.
Oft the seeds are deep under ice and snow
And we look in vain for a breakfast. Now,
As God has given you, in kindness give—
Such a few wee crumbs lets a birdie live."

I stood in my kitchen, fed and warm,

But a great hard lump came in my throat
As I looked at each birdie's tiny form
And heard the plaint in his twittering note.—
Dear little bird with his heart so bold
Trying to sing away hunger and cold.

So I gave the crumbs and they ate their fill;

With a happy heart each went his way
And the story told (e'en as *people* will)
To every bird whom he met that day.
When he tapped my window next morn to remind
Me, the porch held birds of many a kind.

Since then thru winter, spring, or fall,

In rain or in sunshine, I scatter crumbs
For their daily breakfast. I send my call
And many a hungry birdie comes.
To all the birds, and the town as well,
My porch is known as "The Birds' Hotel".

PLEASE.

δ δ δ

There's a word of six letters—like magic it works.
Whenever you use it, no boy ever shirks.

You may scold or may threaten, may bribe or may tease,

But a boy'll do your will if you'll only say "Please".
Then please, please, dear teacher, say "Please".

There's magic that lurks in that little word, "please".

At home or at school there are things not a few
To be found every day for the small boy to do.

O mothers, take heed. You can say it with ease,
And he'll work with a will if you'll only say "Please".
Then please, please, dear mothers, say "Please".
There's magic that lurks in that little word, "please".

And children, remember at work or at play
There's many a time when you can't have your way;

But oftentimes the things you're most tempted to seize
Will be put in your hand if you'll only say "Please".
Then please, please, dear children, say "Please".
There's magic that lurks in that little word, "please".

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

❀ ❀ ❀

My body's only just a house;
Two boys (they're *twins*) live there.
One, he's as bad as bad c'n be,
While t'other's pretty fair.

Now BADDY he is big an' strong
While GOODY's sort o' slim;—
(I s'pose 'twill need much exercise
To make a man o' *him*.)

An' he don't have no sort o' chance
For growin' big an' strong,
For he stays locked up in my heart
Sometimes a whole day long.

But, really, I can't help it;
I'm just their *home*, you see;
But Mamma, she thinks I'm to blame.
That's pretty hard on me.

Now, ev'ry time 'at Aunty comes
Those two begin to fight;
An' BADDY mostly comes off best,
Even if GOODY's right.

Then BADDY he locks GOODY up
An' peeps out ev'rywhere,
Till I s'pose Auntie really thinks
There ain't no GOODY there.

An' so it goes on all the time
Till Auntie goes away,
When BADDY he lets GOODY out
To run about an' play.

Now all who read my story (for
I'm sure you, too, have twins)—
I hope the good one's stronger
An' the fights 'most always wins;

For it surely is a trouble
To have 'em call you bad,
When really you are not to blame.
It makes me feel quite sad.

I wish somebody'd tell me how
To make poor GOODY grow,
Till he's stronger 'an his brother
('At old BADDY) is, you know.

When that old "Census-man" comes 'round
An' asks, "How many's there?",
Papa says, "Four". He writes it down,
But they don't do it *fair*.

When I'm a *Man*, I'll fix a law
To take the census true;
Now they count ev'ry boy just *one*—
I'll *make* 'em count him *TWO*.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

❀ ❀ ❀

I almost wish that I were you
 And you were I, dear Kitty Gray,
 For you have nothing else to do
 But eat and sleep the livelong day.
 You never have to go to school
 And learn to write and spell and read ;
 You never have to mind a rule.
 You should be happy,—yes, indeed !

You never have to sweep the floors
 And your Mamma, she doesn't say,
 "You hurry up and do your chores
 Or I'll *whip* you, Miss Kitty Gray!"
 Your baby brother doesn't squall
 And make you hold him for an hour
 So you can't go to play at all,
 Or even pick a single flower !

You never have to get a pail
 And carry water from the spring.
 You just fluff out your pretty tail
 And play about or sleep and sing.
 If I could have a wish to-day,
 I'm almost sure that it should be
 That I might just be Kitty Gray—
 And you, dear Kit, might change with me.

* * * *

Next Day : I dreamed a dreadful dream last night—
 I am *so* glad it wasn't true.
 O dear ! It gave me such a fright.
 I dreamed, dear Kit, that I was you.
 I lay out yonder in the hay.
 For nine long days I could not see
 The brothers that beside me lay
 And squirmed and cried—all blind like me.

Then came a day that I could see
Five homely heads beside me there;
And looking sadly down on me
I saw a little maiden fair.
She begged for one—*just one*—to pet;
My brothers then they took away.
I seem to hear their crying yet;—
I never saw them from that day.

Time passed and I grew fair of face;
I saw my mother then no more.
Ofttimes they all forgot to place
My milk beside the kitchen door.
One day when I was hunting mice
(For I was hungry, don't you see?)
I heard a noise—and in a trice
A great big dog was after me.

O, how I ran! Then up a tree
I climbed and all the cold night thru
He sat beneath and barked at me.
Then I awoke. It wasn't true,
But just a dream.—Let's have a play;
And then I have some work to do.
I'll be good to you, Kitty Gray,
But I don't wish that I were you.

NOBODY CARES FOR A COON.

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Yes, I stand befo' you, Jedge, dis mawnin' in de line
An' de chahge am stealin', Boss, yet I'm only nine.
I was powehfu' hungry, Boss, an' jest took two er free,
Foh—nobody cares foh a coon like me.

CHO. Nobody cares foh a coon,
 Nobody cares foh a coon.

I know it isn't right, Boss, fer me to steal an' fight,
 But there's nobody cares foh a coon.

Bin stealin' wahtehmillyuns by de light ob de moon;—
Don't make a mite o' diffunce, kase I's only a coon.
Face am brack an' dirty, an' I's ragged as you see,
But nobody cares foh a coon like me. CHO.

No one eveh cuddles me er tucks me into baid;
No one eveh kisses me er pats my kinky haid.
No one's left since Mammy died to take me on her knee,
Foh nobody cares foh a coon like me. CHO.

No one eveh listens to me say my prayehs at night;
No one cares to teach a darky how to read er write.
Talk about youeh heaven, Boss, but 'tain't foh us. You see
Even God doesn't care foh a coon like me. CHO.

HOW TO BE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

♂ ♂ ♂

GIRLS:

Plant the little "Lady" seeds;
Tend them every day;
Pull up all the noxious weeds.
That's the only way
To grow a lady good and true,
Lovable and fair,
Gentle, pleasant, kindly, too;
Sweet beyond compare.

BOYS:

Plant the seeds of *manly* flowers
In your early youth.
Tend thru all your waking hours
The seeds of love and truth,
Honesty, and kindness, too.
Use care, boys, and when
You are grown to manhood, you
Will be gentlemen.

ALL:

Girls and boys, with all your might
Guard those precious seeds
From temper, anger, hate, and spite—
They are ugly weeds.
When in your hearts the seeds you've sown,
Tend with care; and then
You will be, when you are grown,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

❀ ❀ ❀

Long ago, in a far off land,
In a manger of fragrant hay,
With cattle lying on every hand
A new-born infant lay.

“To you,” sang the angels with harps of gold,
“A Savior is born this night.”
And each shepherd deserted his sleeping fold
To follow a radiant light.

And wise men brought rich silks and gold
From Eastern lands afar,
For they of His coming had long been told
And they followed the self-same star.

To the end of their journey it guided them.
Ever it glided before
Till it hung o'er the stable at Bethlehem
And they entered the lowly door.

They knelt beside the Infant there;
They hailed him “King of Kings”, and then
That angel chorus swelled the air—
“Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men”.

Pure as an angel and e'en more fair,
He opened his baby eyes
On a world of sorrow, sin, and care—
This Savior from the skies.

Those baby eyes, so calm that night,
 Tell me—what did they see?
Saw they the realms of glory bright
 Renounced for you and me?

Did they Cana's future wedding see
 Or dark Beth-Peor's hill
Or the wild, wild night on Galilee,
 When he said to the waves, "Be still!"?

Saw they the lepers, halt, and blind,
 That gathered by the way
That Babe should walk when grown to find
 Healing and sight each day?

Saw they the court of Pilate strong
 Or fair Gethsemane,
The crown of thorns, the jeering throng,
 The cross of Calvary?

Ay, these and more. He knew e'en then,
 This glorious son of God,
That ages after, for His sake, men
 Would follow the path He trod;

Would raise the fallen, support the weak,
 And the sad-hearted cheer,
Because of the precepts of Christ so meek
 Who gave His life for us here—

Died a shameful death on Calvary's cross
For us, that we might live
Forever with Him in heaven—His loss
Our gain. So at Christmas *GIVE!*

Give, for blessed is he who gives ;
And, in honor of Jesus' birth,
Be quarrels forgiven ; and let Good-will
And Peace reign o'er all the earth.

CHILDREN'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

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We'll be as good as we can be ;
We'll study, study all we can,
For years go by so fast, you see.
The boy soon grows to be a man.

The girl soon leaves her dolls and toys
To keep a home all neat and clean ;
So we'll work hard, both girls and boys,
All thru the year Nineteen-Thirteen.

IS SANTA A "SPUG"?

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(S. P. U. G.—A Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving at Christmas.)

I'm jest a little feller in a big ol' world o' woe.
My heart is purt' near broke, Sir. Do you ast my why it's so?

Pa's jest as kind as ever an' Ma don't miss no hug
Ner kiss at night, but oh! Sir, Ol' Santa is a "Spug".

Now little Sis an' me, Sir, we'd talked o' what he'd bring;
We 'gun to hope an' plan, Sir, 'way 'long some time las' spring.

We used to lay an' talk, Sir, when we went to bed at night
An' said 'em out loud always, so he'd surely get 'em right.

Sis didn't ast fer much, Sir—jest a little Parrot Poll,
A bracelet an' a gold watch (like Ma's) an' a ring an' doll,
A book o' fairy stories, 'n a chain an' locket, too—
An' a big box o' bonbons. *I* don't think *that's* much.
Do you?

I ast him fer a football; an' please would he bring to me
A really *truly* auto ('t I could learn to drive, you see),
A violin, some picture books, some bonbons, nuts, an' such,
An' a three-bladed jackknife. Mister, *did* I ast fer much?

Now, Santa's always brought us what we ask for every year.
We've been asking for a lot o' quite useless things, I fear;
But then it's mostly his fault, 'cause he's pampered Sis
an' me

Till we've a "useless" habit—askin' *useless* things, you see.

Well, Sis she got some new shoes, an' a streaked flannel
dress,
'N' a tiny Kewpie dolly ('bout five inches long, I guess),
An' a pair an' some stockin's, an' I b'lieve a bouncing ball—
An' she's got a little candy. 'Twan't like Christmas, Sir,
at all.

I got a pair o' mittens, a new cap an' trousers, too,
(Ol' ones had just sights o' holes where school had worn
'em thru)

'N' a one-bladed jackknife—when I'd set my heart on
three—

'N' why he ever came at all is more an' *I* can see.

'Tain't 'cause we didn't get, Sir, what we ask for 'at I'm
blue;

It's just 'cause Santa's joined the "Spugs"—an' that's
as true as true.

If I thought 'twould happen nex' year, I'd go drown myself—
"ker-chug",

For what's the good o' livin' ef *he's* goin' to be a SPUG?

THE GNOME'S STORY.

♂ ♂ ♂

A dear little girl, just as sad as could be,
Sat under the shade of the old apple-tree.

The traces of tears, yet undried, could be seen
By the sun as he peeped thru the apple-bough screen.

A geography, open, lay there on her knee
But her eyes were so dim not a word could she see.

“I’ve studied but vainly for hours,” she said,
“For I can’t understand the first thing that I’ve read.

“A glacier’s a vast field of ice, it is said,
That moves like a river, a valley its bed.

“Formed high in the mountains or in a cold clime
It moves downward (pushed on by its weight) all the time;

“And as its edge reaches a much warmer land
It melts, leaving nothing but great rocks and sand

“That form in high piles and are called a ‘moraine’.
If the valley should end at the sea, ’tis quite plain

“That the glacier would push far out into the sea,
Break off by its weight, and an iceberg would be.

“That isn’t so bad; I can easily see,”
She said with a sigh, “just how such things can be.

“It’s that old ‘Glacial Age’ that I can’t understand—
That time when the ice-sheet spread over the land.

“They say it was here and it melted. Alack!
What should we all do if it ever came back?

“Unless I can know why it melted, I’m sure
I can never—no, never—feel truly secure;

“For if, as they say, it was colder here then,
Why, what’s to prevent its being colder again?

“Oh dear!” And again the tears filled the blue eyes.
“Were I, like Geography men, very wise,

“I’d s’plain all those things so a poor little girl
Needn’t sit here for hours with her head in a whirl,

“A lump in her throat, and her heart beating fast
As she thinks that a glacier, like that of the past,

“Again some fair day may spread over this land;
For just why it shouldn’t, I can’t understand.

“And teacher has said ’at we’ve got to esplain
This lesson next Monday. My poor little brain

“Is all in a muddle. I wish I could see
The reason,” she said. As she mused, on her knee

With twinkling black eyes (near as large as himself)
Sat a little brown gnome, a geography elf.

He was little and ugly—about like your thumb—
But his voice was as deep as the roll of a drum.

“You little earth-child! Let me help you,” he said.
“There’s no use to puzzle your poor little head

“With pondering o’er subjects no man understands
Tho he hold all the wisdom of earth in his hands.

“From beginning of time I have lived on the earth.
Of man and all creatures I’ve witnessed the birth,

“And I know—no one better—that old ice-sheet’s end.
The tale I’ll unfold to you now, little Friend.”

THE TALE.

In the long-ago time, when the world first began,
When the elements talked to each other like man,

Each had his dominion, nor sought to increase
His power in aught, so the world was at peace.

But the North Wind and Sun were disputing one day
Over which was the stronger, a Breeze or a Ray.

Tho for ages untold they in peace here had dwelt,
Each king of his own lands that stretched like a belt

Round the earth, this dispute was a serious thing
As you'll find when you list to the tale that I bring.

Said the Sun, "You're a braggart. Forever you 'blow'.
I'm sick of your boasting. It's ever been so.

"Of all of the elements, it's very plain
You encroach without stint on the others' domain.

"For sake of sweet peace, hitherto I've kept quiet;
I'll 'call you down' now if it causes a riot.

"Because you've blown up a cyclone or two,
You think you're a Samson. I know about you.

"On the spot, you're less strong than the Beams that I send
Ninety-three million miles, my blustering friend."

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed the Wind. "Well, now, I'll bet you
I'm really the most powerful gent of the two.

"Now let's make a wager and try it today—
That would settle the matter. Come, what do you say?"

"Agreed!" said the Sun, "but I'd just like to know
Whom you'd have hold the stakes. That's important, you
know."

"Dear me!" said the Wind. "Did you really suppose
This an every day wager? Why, every one knows

“That I have no wealth, for I’ve suffered much loss.
Besides, sir, ‘A rolling stone gathers no moss.’

“So if you wish to make this a wager for wealth,
We’ll just call it off, and I’ll drink to your health.

“I’ll scoop up some lake in a huge water-spout
And send back a cloud-burst. Watch what I’m about!

“But say! I’ll just tell you, Friend Sun, what I’ll do.
I’ll give you my terms; then it’s all ‘up to you’.

“Now, if you can take up more water than I
From Old Ocean’s bosom—come, give it a try—

“I’ll give you my word that not even a breeze
For a cycle, Friend Sun, shall ruffle your trees.”

“Agreed!” said the Sun, and the wind began first.
He blew and he blew till he thought he should burst.

Simooms and hurricanes harried Old Ocean;
He kept all its waters in mighty commotion.

Great breakers and waves lashed its shores, but in vain;
The waters turned swiftly to Ocean again.

Again and again all his strength he put forth;
He veered to the east, then swung back to the north.

Then he said, "Now, Friend Sun, it's all up to you,
But I think I've bit off more than we can both chew.

"But give it a trial. You can't more than fail
And till you succeed (tho I shan't blow a gale)

"You surely don't mind a breeze, just rolling in
To see how you do it—to watch how you win?

"So I'll hang around and just see how you work it.
I'll follow all day, so don't try to shirk it."

"Never fear," said the Sun, "I shan't try to shirk.
I'll just call my Beam children; they'll do the work."

The Wind, to make sure that the Beams played no caper
Followed on o'er the Ocean, while water (in vapor)

Coaxed up by the Beams, in their frolic and fun,
Arose in great clouds on its way to the Sun.

These the Wind carried landward while watching to see
If the Sun should succeed any better than he.

At last they reached land and while sailing along
Met a Breeze from a mountain top, frigid and strong.

Cried the Beams, "We'll return now to Old Father Sun,
For we're needed no longer. Our task here is done."

So it was, for the vapor to water again
Turned and rain fell in torrents o'er valley and plain.

Now the Wind saw his error and how he did roar.
He had helped the Sun win, and he raged and he tore.

Forgetting his word that not even a breeze
Was to blow that should ruffle a leaf on the trees,

With whirlwind and cyclone he swept o'er the land
Dealing death and destruction on every hand.

“Oho!” cried the Sun. “Thus your wager you pay.
You're not a good loser. Now heed what I say:

“You never have known what a power I hold
In reserve, for the half, Sir, has never been told.

“But from this day forth, though you bluster and storm,
One-half of your kingdom I surely shall warm.

“Great forests shall thrive, mighty rivers shall sweep
Thru wide grassy plains that are now buried deep

“Under ice-fields and snow. And tho you may appear
And wield your old power a few months of each year,

“At my will it shall vanish, the snow melt away,
And flowers appear to bloom many a day.

“In time, in great numbers strange creatures call Man
Shall there build their homes, for that is God’s plan.

“Enough I have said; now to work I must go.”
So he shone on those vast fields of ice and of snow.

’Twas a labor of ages. The Wind’s power was strong;
And tho he gave up, it was never for long.

In time every word of the Sun was proved true;
As I know the story, I’ve told it to you.

From November till March the Wind works his will;
Snow covers the ground and the waters are still.

A sign of the power that was his long ago
Is shown you each winter when cold north winds blow;

But the faithful old Sun, tho long ages have passed,
Sends his Beam children yearly. Then vanishes fast

The brief show of power which the old Wind has known.

* * * *

The story was ended. She sat there alone,

For gone was the elf. Tho so real he seemed,
She knew o’er her lesson she’d nodded and dreamed.

But afterward never did fear haunt her brain
That the ice-sheet might cover those valleys again;

For she felt that men’s homes in that region should stay
For the power of the Frost King was broken for aye.

GOOD LUCK SIGNS.

❀ ❀ ❀

Walking along one morning on my way to school I found
A tiny "four leaf" nestling quite closely to the ground.
"Good luck", it seemed to whisper; so I plucked it, and
its song
Lingered and cheered me at my work thruout the whole
day long.

And then I found—what do you think? Only a pin so bright
(Its point toward me) in the path as I went home that
night.

And as I stooped to get it, metnought it whispered low,
"Carry me, and you'll have good luck wherever you
may go."

But oh, dear me! Next morning things were in *such* a
plight!

Not all the pins and four-leafs in the town could set them
right.

Those naughty, naughty children—they idled and they
wriggled;

They dropped their books and pencils; they whispered and
they giggled.

They kept it up for hours—girls, too, as well as boys;
They drove me quite distracted with carelessness and noise.
So I've thrown away my clover, likewise my bright new pin,
And long 'twill be ere I believe in good luck signs again.

TO MY PUPILS (Closing Day).

❀ ❀ ❀

The time has come when we must part.
 'Tis hard to say "Good-By,"
And I have watched with saddened heart
 These last short moments fly.
I've grudged the hours as one by one
They've slipped away from sun to sun.

Our lives (that for one short school-year
 Have met like mingled streams),
Must part, perhaps forever, here
 In a few hours. It seems
A teacher's lot to meet and part.
Methinks 'twere well she had no heart.

Your lives need years to reach their prime;
 For me life's western sun
Nears its horizon. A short time,
 And my life-work is done.
I've thus been "Mother—Teacher—Friend"
During this year that nears its end.

And now this wish, "May all success
 (Whate'er your work may be)
Attend you, and all happiness
 Be yours," accept from me.
Give but a passing, kindly thought
To me in turn.—Forget me not.

SCRIPTURAL TEXTS.

“Be not deceived; . . . for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap”. Gal. vi:7.

AS THY SOWING, SO SHALL THY REAPING BE.

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Not HIS the loss

If, when thou standest with Him face to face,
Naught has, to thee, availed His saving grace.
If thou hast lived thy life for self alone,
When there thou standest thou canst not atone.
Thine, thine alone, the loss if thou shalt be
Judged by the “Law” for all Eternity.
If, with the countless hosts who there rejoice,
He shall not hear thy voice—

Then thine the loss.

Not HIS the gain

When, if thou hast believed and trusted Him;
Hast followed, worked—and prayed—lest faith grow
dim;
Hast loved thy fellow-man and shown thy love
By deeds that prove thee kin to Him above—
His child; not His the gain when thou shalt stand
Redeemed among the saints at his right hand.
When thou shalt chant His praises evermore
Upon that changeless shore,
Thine, thine the gain.

“How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.” Matthew xxiii:37.

NIL NISI CRUCE.

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Just as I am—Hark! I hear Jesus calling,
“Sin-weary Soul, come thou home.
Rest on this bosom; life’s night-dews are falling—
Long hast thou chosen to roam.
Soon must the darkness of night overtake thee,
The midnight of sin and the grave;
Then thou wilt be where my voice cannot wake thee—
My love nor my pity can save.

“Vain then my thorn-crown, pierced palms, and side riven
On Calvary sinners to save.
Little I ask, yet my all have I given
To redeem thee from sin and the grave.
Just as thou art! Ah, I’ve ever required
So little to make thee my own;
Step out on the promise and reap, Soul sin-tired,
The harvest of Grace God has sown.”

* * * *

Grace without end (Need I hesitate longer?)
Purchased by Christ on the tree—
Bought by His blood. Ah! What love can be stronger
Than that which he offers to me?
“Pardon for all!” Can I pass Him unheeding
Knowing His blood hath sufficed?
Can I reject Him? While yet He is pleading,
I come. O receive me, Thou Christ.

“Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught.” Luke v:4.

LAUNCH OUT THE SHIP.

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’Tis not given to all deep-sea fishers to be
And a well-laden net draw to shore
With its burden of souls; but, my Brother, you see
There are those who must toil at the oar.
Then away to the oars! Brother, pull with a will;
The ship “Mission” launch now with the tide.
Let it carry the fisher whose nets he may fill
Where the precious deep-sea souls abide.

Brother, warm to the oar; Sister, victual the ship,
For the voyage is weary and long;
And the fisher will need all your aid on his trip—
Send him forth to his nets with a song.
To the oars, to the oars! Brother, pull with a will;
Launch the good “Mission” out on the tide.
Let it carry the fisher whose nets he may fill
Where the precious deep-sea souls abide.

It is true oft the oarsman is hidden from sight
And gets seldom a thot, Sister; yet
The Lord judges our work, and our guerdon at night
May be that of the man with the net.
Then away to the oars! Brother, pull with a will;
Launch the good mission ship with the tide,
For it carries the fisher whose nets he will fill
Where the precious souls waiting abide.

“Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.” Matt. xxv:45.

“INASMUCH”.

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’Tis not the sins I’ve committed,
 But the kind acts left undone
That shall cause my soul to sorrow
 At the setting of life’s sun.
’Tis the kind word left unspoken,
 And the cheer I ne’er bestowed
That had aided one heart-broken
 In bearing life’s heavy load.

Tho our sins may have been as scarlet
 And many as sands of the sea,
Christ for them all made atonement
 By His death on Calvary’s tree.
We’ve but to repent, and never
 Withholds He the healing touch
Which can blot them out forever—
 But what of the “Inasmuch”?

What of the load unlightened?
 The neglect of the hungry cry?
The eye that you might have brightened
 Tho you passed unheeding by?
What of the care and the sorrow
 That a brother bore alone—
Of the help you might have offered?
 Did Christ for that, too, atone?

The poor, the tramp, and the orphan,
 The man in the rum-fiend's clutch,
The sister debased in life's gutter—
 All call for His "Inasmuch".
They are the "THESE". Have you given
 The "cup of cold water" in need?
Ah, then has your soul been shriven,
 And you are the Christ's indeed.

So 'tis not sins I've committed,
 Tho many perhaps and deep,
That haunt my pillow at midnight
 And drive away restful sleep;
'Tis the chances lost forever
 To "do unto THESE"—for such
Did the Savior think of whenever
 He said to us, "INASMUCH".

Tho o'er our lives in torrents the floods of anguish roll,
 Think—never had been the gold dust if the waters
 had not been;
And sorrow's waves have virtues that thus enrich the
 soul—
Nuggets from God's own gold mine, ennobling the clay
 within.

—From Isaiah, lviii:10.

EASTER-TIDE.

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O sweetest, holiest time of all the year!
What solemn thots are ours when thou art here;
And yet what ecstasy is ours to know
The fulfilled promise followed Calvary's woe.
Ah! More than fair to us thy beauteous dawn,
For all the hope of centuries agone—
Yea, all the joy of ages yet to be
Are centered in thy promise—found in thee.

In thee is Eastre, spring's fair goddess, seen,
Bright spring, when all the earth wears smiling green;
When trees and flowers send forth their fragrant breath,
New-resurrected from their winter death.
Eastre, Goddess of Light, bestowed her name
On thee, thou type of that blest Light which came
From Calvary's tree to guide lost, erring man
And lead him homeward by the Father's plan.

O Time of Love! 'Twas love Divine that gave
E'en life to rescue fallen man and save
His soul from endless woe. Blest Time, to give
The Christ-germ in each heart new birth; to live
In amity with all; our lives anew
To consecrate and baptize in thy dew,
Resolving now our griefs to bear as He,
The Master, did in far Gethsemane.

O Time so dear to every Christian heart!
More than Passover feast to us thou art.
That feast praised God and thanked Him, in one breath,
That he had spared to them from mortal death
The first-born of each home in that far day
When Israel's sons in cruel bondage lay—
Praise of a nation freed from slavery.
Thy promise all the *World* from DEATH may free.

* * * * *

O recreant sons of God, what did ye do?
He spared your loved ones—His first-born ye slew,
E'en at that feast-time when ye praises gave
To Him that He had saved them from the grave.
Ye made Christ Passover for all the earth
And for all time—a Sacrifice whose worth
Was priceless. Dreamed ye that Slain Lamb should be
Earth's King—and heaven's—thru all Eternity?

AN EASTER VISION.



Christ Jesus, with my hand upon the Book
That tells me of Thy ministry on earth,
Afar adown the centuries I look
Back to the Bethlehem that saw Thy birth.
I see the star that was the shepherd's guide,
The wise men on their desert journey led ;
The angel hosts that on that Christmas tide
Sang "Peace on Earth" above that lowly shed.

I see the Babe, the halo on His brow,
The young girl-mother, innocent and sweet ;
The wise men kneeling near to worship now,
The gifts of gold and myrrh poured at His feet.
I see the Infant borne o'er desert plain,
The angel's visit and the hasty flight ;
The search of Herod and the children slain,
The stricken mothers weeping thru the night.

I see the temple and the Holy Child,
The parents' search, the teachers sitting dumb ;
And John the Baptist, from the desert wild,
Crying, "Repent : flee from the wrath to come."
I see the Jordan and Thy form arise
From Thine own baptism—ay, and now the dove.
I hear the voice that from the heavens cries,
"This is my Son, one whom I dearly love."

I see the miracles Thy hand hath wrought—
The lepers, halt, and blind whom faith made whole ;
The mountain where the multitudes were taught
The plan of Thy salvation of the soul ;

The ruler's daughter, risen from the dead,
The stilling of the waves on Galilee;
The table where Thou blessed and broke the bread,
The midnight anguish in Gethsemane.

I see the kiss the traitor Judas gave,
Thy comrades fled, deserting—all Thy wrong;
The crown of thorns and Pilate's plea to save,
The blows, the scarlet robe, the jeering throng,
And Simon staggering 'neath the heavy tree
On which, dear Christ, Thy form was stretched to die.
The nails which rent Thy palms I seem to see;
The sudden dark'ning of the noonday sky.

Ah, now I hear the hammer's muffled blows
Which forced the nails to pierce Thy tender flesh—
The dear kind hands which, as the cross arose,
Support Thy weight while bleed Thy wounds afresh.
I see them mock Thee as Thou diest there.
I hear Thy cry, "Hast Thou forsaken me,
My God?" As that dread darkness chills the air
Come Thy last words, " 'Tis finished!" from the tree.

I see the tomb wherein Thy form was laid,
The heavy stone by which the door was sealed;
Thy body there in linen white arrayed,
The guard outside, for which the Jews appealed
To Pilate; then God's angel sitting near
Upon the stone, rolled from the door away.
"He is not here, but risen; have no fear,"
Unto the Magdalen I hear Him say.

Now see I Thy disciples there at meat.
Who sits with them, blesses and breaks the bread?
"Why are ye troubled? See my hands and feet.
Touch thou my side—Believe!" I now hear said.
"Go, preach repentance unto all the earth,
Repentance for all sin, sincere and deep.
Belief and baptism shall give all new birth
In me. If thou lov'st me, go tend my sheep."

I see Thee, Christ, ascending unto heaven.
I hear Thee say, "I will prepare a place
For you there with my Father."—(This the leav'n
That raiseth me.—*Co-heir, and saved by grace.*)
O Christ Divine! I hear again Thy call
When now Thou turn'st on me Thy pleading eye,
And now I know Thou gav'st Thy life—Thy all—
That I for sin might not forever die.

What grief and pain were Thine, Divine One, born
To die thorn-crowned on Calvary's cross for me.
Thou holdest out that crown with every thorn
Removed, star-set, to crown my life in Thee.
Thou askest but that I take up the cross,
Repent, confess my faith, and follow Thee;—
Thy resurrection mine—no death, but loss
Of all the grave hath held as victory.
Easter Tide, 1915.

“But straightway Jesus spake unto them saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.”.....Matt. xiv, 27.

“BE NOT AFRAID—IT IS I.”

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This is the message that gladdens my soul—
“All who will come and believe shall be whole.”
Darkness is ended in morning: I hear,
“Be not afraid; it is I; have good cheer.”

Cho. All that I have or I am;
All that I e'er hope to be,
Lay I to-day at His feet.
Christ is sufficient for me.

I, by life’s tempests tossed, driven by its gales,
Drifted like broken boat—rudder nor sails.
See! O'er life's storm-tossed sea Christ walketh by!
“Be not afraid; have good cheer; it is I.”

Chorus.

He is the Light from the Father above.
Ransomed by Calvary, fed by His love,
Fighting life's battles I am not dismayed—
“Lo, I am with thee; be thou not afraid.”

Chorus.

Life with its pleasures and pain soon is o'er.
See! the launch waits for eternity's shore.
From the dark waters that sweet voice will cry,
“Be not afraid; 'tis not death—it is I.”

Chorus.

“And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them saying; this is my body which is given for you: do this in remembrance of me.”

Luke xxii—19.

“For this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.” Matthew xxvi—28.

“For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord’s death till he come.”

I Cor. xi—26.

“THE GREAT MEMORIAL.”

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A Monument there is, not built by hand
Of man, but deeply graven on his heart
By Hand Divine—a monument so great
That never since, in all the centuries
That lie between the life of Christ and now,
Has hand of man erected one so fraught
With power to mold the lives and deeds of men.
Led by that life it ever shadows forth—
A life of service to their fellow-man—
Men have gone forth to sacrifice and death
In legions, and have ever met the end
With eyes upon the Cross that led them on,
The name of Him who died there on their lips.

Spurred onward by the Cross of Calvary
And by the life the Man of Sorrows lived,
O'er burning sands and dreary winter plain—
Thru trackless forests and o'er frozen wilds
They forged their way, beset at ev'ry turn
By savage beasts and not less savage men
Who showed them death in its most grisly shape
And mocked their dying moans with fiendish glee.
But ever as they perished by the way,
Their graves unhallowed and their names unsung,
Their kind stepped forth to fill the empty ranks
And labored till the end they sought was gained ;
Their aim—to carry to those darkened lives
The Light that Monument commemorates,
The Light that has illumed and raised mankind.

This Monument, that Christ Himself hath set
To be an inspiration unto man,
No one may see in all its mighty power
Until he hath believed in Him who gave ;
Then is it set upon his heart and life ;
Then doth it beckon on and ever on
And upward to that plane where Heaven lies.

It leadeth man to ever look within—
To purge his heart from sin against his God ;
To own his faults against his fellow-man
And pray for strength those faults to overcome.
Then toward the steeps of daily sacrifice
Of self and of forgiveness unto all
Who wrong him here on earth, it ever points—
The “Heights of Abraham”, which each must win
If he would claim true kinship to the Christ.

The bruised and spear-pierced body of our Lord,
With nail-torn hands and feet on Calvary's Cross,
Speaks from the broken bread of which we eat
And thus accept His sacrifice for us.
It shadows forth a life of gentleness ;
A life of meekness, suffering, and woe ;
A life of service and of healing grace ;
A life whose ev'ry thought was—not of self—
But of the sin-steeped creatures in His path
For whose soul-ransom that dear life He gave.

And it commemorates a shameful death
Dealt Him by those He sought in vain to save,
By which He gave life unto all mankind—
Their curse of death remitted by His blood.
It shows a death from which He then arose
Triumphant from the terrors of the grave.
It shadows forth His coming for His own
To be with Him forever in the home
Which He hath said He will prepare for them
Who but believe—and love and follow Him.

Follow the Christ—ah ! but it means so much—
To put all human weaknesses aside
And neither enmity nor wrath to know ;
To live the life of service that was His ;
To help the weak and fallen to arise,
And point them to the Cross and to the Christ ;—
And thus to go thru life from day to day,
Fed and made strong for service by His hand
Who gave to us the Holy Eucharist—
The “Great Memorial” left by CHRIST to MAN.

“Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise Thy name”.
Psalms CXLII, 7.

BEHIND THE BARS.

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Behind the bars of SIN and PRIDE,
In dungeons dark and deep,
The imprisoned souls of men abide
And vigils keep, and vigils keep.
There is no light of “after life”,
No hope a Savior’s face to see,
No vision of blest Calv’ry’s tree,—
But of endless eternity
Behind the bars, behind the bars.

Behind the bars of HUMAN GREED
That chain the helpless soul,
It waits in fetters there till freed
From sin’s control, from sin’s control.
No “Love thy neighbor as thyself.”;
Nor, “All thou giv’st is unto me.”
No chance to set that bound soul free
Beyond the grave;—ETERNITY
Behind the bars, behind the bars.

Behind the bars of UNBELIEF
The trembling soul doth lie.
The soul God gave hath no relief—
It cannot die, it cannot die.
'Tis only thru the eye of Faith
Soul-freedom may be yours or mine.
Shall it in that dread darkness pine?
Nay, let the Light of Calv’ry shine
Behind the bars, behind the bars.

Behind the bars, the bars of DEATH,
We see our loved ones laid;
But we may pierce, with eye of Faith,
Those realms of shade, those realms of shade.
With Christ above their spirits dwell;
Their ransomed souls have been set free.
Christ broke those bars for you and me
When for our sakes He chose to be
Behind the bars, behind the bars.

Sung to air of "Beyond the Bar", No. 97, "Gospel Bells".

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me,....and ye
shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and
my burden is light." Matthew xv, 29 and 30.

MY YOKEFELLOW.

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Adown the ages rings the call divine,
"O weary Soul, by sin and care opprest,
The burdens earth has given no more are thine;
Come unto me and I will give thee rest.
My light load on thee take and learn of me—
An easy yoke it unto thee will prove.
A burden light thy load shall ever be;
I ask no service—none save that of LOVE."

The yoke of Jesus offered unto me—

With Him to walk the way on earth He trod ;
To know, with Him to guide, all dangers flee
And I shall come safe home to heaven and God.
O blessed thought ! that He so close shall stand,
So close that I may almost see His face—
So close that I may feel the loving hand
That holds the yoke He offers me thru grace.

He knows the way my erring feet have trod.

The pitfalls in life's path no terrors hold
With Him to guide and lead me back to God,
Safe over mountain crags into the fold.

The halo of the Cross of Calvary

Whose light illumines the darkness of the grave
Reaches athwart the yoke He holds for me—
The yoke whose mission is THE WORLD TO
SAVE.

My Yokefellow a burden long ago

Bore on that midnight in Gethsemane—
The burden of the world's sin. Ah ! we know
What yoke was borne for them—and you, and me.
A yoke of agony and death He bore
Alone for man (a thorn-crown on His brow)
On Calvary's cross ; and there is *death* no more
But *service* in the yoke He offers now.

“Take my light yoke upon you ; follow me.

Come unto me and I will give you rest.
Ye heavy laden, from life's cares be free.”
How blessed to obey His light behest,
Lay at the cross my load of sin and care
And follow in the way my Savior trod—
His light yoke bearing—all my griefs to share
With my Yokefellow, CHRIST the Son of God.

TEMPERANCE.

THE RUM CURSE.

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There's a curse in this broad land of ours.
Are we half aware of its mighty powers?

Do we ever trouble ourselves at all
Or give a thought lest a brother fall?
Ah, me! The homes that are blighted
And the sorrow yet to come
Before this curse is banished—
The curse of the demon RUM.

The youth, in the joy of life's rosy spring,
Yields to the tempter and grows—a thing
To be despised, a drunken sot.
He loses his manhood with not a thought
Of the good he might do mankind
Or the life in the world to come;
Held in the grasp of a giant—
The grasp of the giant RUM.

The husband is deaf to the prayers of wife.
She whom he vowed to protect thru life
Is driven away with a curse and jeer.
He gives no thought to the bitter tear
That starts to her eye unbidden
As she thinks of the change that's come
To their home that once was happy—
The work of the curse of RUM.

And fathers sit in the gilded halls
Of this terrible giant. They heed his calls,
 And their children are left to brave the jeers
 Of the careless world—its cruel sneers.
Their hearts are crushed with sorrow,
 Their happy voices dumb—
Stricken so by this tyrant
 Known to the world as RUM.

Can nothing be done to stem the tide
Of want and woe that is scattered wide
 O'er the "Land of the Free" by this mighty foe
 Whose touch is poison—whose breath brings woe?
Men and women awaken!
 The hour for work has come;—
The hour for a deadly struggle
 With this mighty demon RUM.

See the desolate homes—the blighted lives!
Then gird on the armor, daughters and wives.
 Husband and brother, father and son,
 Fight bravely on till the victory's won.
Join hands in Prohibition;
 And in the years to come
Our homes will be bright and happy—
 Untouched by the curse of RUM.

“AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”

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Will you plant the hop, my brother,
When the traffic endangers souls—
When you strike your darts thru human hearts
With the yearly setting of poles ?
Amber the frothy poison,
Yet death lies at its roots,
Ay, you mark out a highway of shame and sin
When you succor those pale-green shoots.

Will you plant the hop, my brother ?
Then in trembling plant, and in fear ;
For your crop will be groans and widows' moans
And the orphan's bitter tear.
The amber liquid whose life is the hop
Is the vanguard of whiskeys and wines,
And you stake out a pathway leading to hell
When you strengthen those clinging vines.

Will you plant the hop, my brother,
When the nations call for bread ?
When the waving wheat that is wholesome and sweet
May be sown by you in its stead ?
Will you use the soil, that the Master has given,
That is loamy and black and rich
To grow a crop for your brother's bane
Till he lies like a dog in the ditch ?

Nay, plant not the hop, my brother ;
Or plant and acknowledge the blame
(When the Father you meet at the Judgment Seat)
For a brother's sin and shame.
When He asks, “Where is thy brother ?”
Say, what will your answer be ?
This—“Mine is the blame for my brother's shame.
He is lost—is there mercy for me ?”

THE DRUNKARD'S STORY.

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(By permission of the heirs of the author, E. M. Barber.)

Down a street of this old city
Leading toward the railway station,
I was walking one fine morning
Lost in serious meditation
On the world and all its follies,
Difficulties, and its troubles,
On the changes of existence,
On ambition and its bubbles;

When I saw toward me coming,
Slow meandering up the sidewalk,
(First to doorstep then to curbstone
With a crooked, zigzag, wide walk)
Such a wretched looking creature
Steeped in misery and liquor
That I dodged behind a lamp-post
So the man might pass me quicker.

As I tried by quickly dodging
On the other side to place me,
With a sudden lurch to leeward
Right about he wheeled and faced me;
Then with gravity of visage
And with air of marked decorum,
Said, "You're friendly, and I know it;
And I want another jorum.

“To be drunk is to be happy.
To be happy I am willing;
And I’ll get entirely jolly
If you’ll lend a friend a shilling.
Oh, you need not turn your nose up
Nor explode with indignation,
Nor commence a prosy lecture
On my moral degradation.

“I’m a little bit in liquor, I’ll admit—
But that’s no matter.
I’ve no recourse but to whiskey
Thronging memories to scatter.
Yes, I am a wretched drunkard;
I am sunk past sounding distance
In the gulf of woe and misery.
I’m a blot upon existence.

“But I once had friends and kindred,
Once was held in estimation
By my neighbors and my townsmen
As a pillar of the nation.
Yes, a staunch and trusty pillar—
One whom people always called so,
For I had a hundred thousand
And a splendid mansion also.

“And I had possessions greater—
Wife and children, never fairer.
Ellen, patient, lovely, loving;
Why, with whom might I compare her?

George my Boy, my darling prattler,
 Mary, blue-eyed like her mother;
These made up my happy household.
 Could the world hold such another?

“Oh. you need not turn and scorn me
 In my beastly degradation,
For as I am, so may *you* be
 Tho you drink with moderation.
‘Moderation’—ah, what nonsense!
 Ask the whirlwind to be quiet,
Talk of peace unto the tempest—
 But in drinking, never try it.

“I was once a moderate drinker
 But my chain of limit lengthened.
Feeding on its constant practice,
 Day by day the habit strengthened
Till it sank me deeper, deeper
 In that vast abyss unholy,
Never heeding that my loved ones
 Faded certainly tho slowly.

“Fortune fled me, friends abandoned,
 None at last were left to love me
Save poor Ellen and her children.
 Darkened all the clouds above me.
Crazed then by the demon Rum, I
 Heeded not my loved ones dying,
And to-day my wife and children
 In a paupers’ grave are lying.”

* * * *

Longer no doubt his maudlin sermon
 Had I stayed to listen to it,
But I gave the wretch the shilling
 (Tho 'twas doubtless wrong to do it)
Leaving him to seek the dram-shop,
 There to drown his troubrous thinking;
While I wondered—should I ever
 In my moderate way of drinking

Sink so low in vile debasement
 As the wretch from whom I parted?
Should my children suffer hunger
 And my wife die broken-hearted?
'Twas true enough, in my case, that
 The sermon seemed but wasted,
Yet that day the glass of "Hop Gold"
 At my dinner went untasted.

Days and weeks and months went by;
 Stocks and woolen yarns and cotton
All combined to make my drunkard
 And his tale of woe forgotten.
But this morning's daily paper
 (While events domestic noting)
Told how some one on the Columbia
 Found a dead man's body floating.

In his age he seemed past forty,
Face and rags the drunkard showing;
But some angel had within him
Kept a spark of feeling glowing,
For upon his clammy bosom
(Like the token of a lover)
Lay a single golden ringlet—
“Ellen” written on the cover.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE AND BABY.

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(Being a Reverie on "The Drunkard's Story.")

When I read "The Drunkard's Story",
 I was "lost in meditation"—
Not on "changes of existence"
 Nor affairs of state or nation;
Nor on how this wretched creature
 Became such a slave to liquor
That you'd "dodge behind a lamp-post"
 That he might pass the quicker.

Nay, for at God's Bar of Justice
 (At the Judgment Day up yonder)
Men whose homes are stately mansions
 Side by side with those who wander
Homeless, friendless o'er God's footstool
 All their lives, must stand; and truly
Will He judge each man who stands there
 Nor sentence any man unduly.

Whether to blame the "*City Fathers*"
 Who have given the curse a hold
In the homes of our fair cities—
 Bartered souls for "License" gold—;
Or the *Man behind the Bar* there
 In the drinking hell, who, smiling,
Measures out the tempting poison
 While with ribald jest beguiling

Him whose steps should lead him homeward
Where his wife and babes look sadly
Hour by hour from door and window
For his coming (Oh, how gladly
Would they greet him); or the *Drinker*,
"Moderate drinker" tho he may be,
I know not—God judges. My theme
Is "The Drunkard's Wife and Baby".

Ellen—patient, lovely, loving,
Blue-eyed, gentle, sweet, and tender,
With a maudlin, drunken husband—
From what ills could he defend her?
Tho she stayed when "friends abandoned",
"Clouds grew dark and fortune fled" him,
Yet he never knew she faded—
To such depths had drinking led him.

Ellen died a wretched pauper;
In life many sorrows tried her.
At God's Bar those men must meet her
With her martyred babes beside her.
Dare they meet her at that Judgment
With her babes, sad-eyed and tearful,
Witnesses against a system
That (tho licensed) is so fearful?

Maiden with a "moderate drinker"

For your lover, I beseech you
Pause! The fate of sad-faced Ellen

And her pauper babes may reach you
If you wed this moderate drinker.

Oh, he loves you (Never doubt it.)
But he loves the wine-cup, also,

And he will not live without it;

But will take it—never heeding

That your eye has lost its brightness,
Your cheek its dainty color,

Your step its airy lightness—
Knowing not your babes are fading,

And the food he should provide them
Squandered in a filthy grog-shop.

What cares he what ills betide them?

What tho, when free from toil and care

In an unmarked grave you're sleeping,
Over a lock of "pauper" hair

Some one should find him weeping?
Or suppose you knew that lock of hair

On his drowned breast would be lying;
Will it make your lot less hard to bear

When your babes for bread are crying?

Maiden with a moderate drinker
For a lover, oh ! take warning.
Turn back ere it is too late
Tho this be your bridal morning.
Think of Ellen and her children—
Paupers were they laid to rest.
Vow that lips with liquor reeking
Ne'er shall to your own be pressed.

Think not that this “Drunkard’s Story”
Has not countless parallels.
’Twill be thus as long as flourish
In our land the drinking hells.
Sad-faced “Ellens” without number,
Scattered over our fair land,
Gave unto a “moderate drinker”
In their youth both heart and hand.

Wed not, thinking to *reform* him.
Many a maiden’s tried to do it,
But a thankless task she found it.
And the nation’s sure to rue it,
For the drunkard leaves his offspring
(As a heritage most certain)
An absorbing thirst for liquor;
And—but here I draw the curtain.

Yet, I never meet a drunkard
 “Slow meandering up the sidewalk”—
A “blot upon existence”
 With his “crooked, zigzag wide walk”,
But I think, “That fallen creature
 Had been a noted statesman, maybe,
Only for that curse;” then pray,
 “Father, protect his wife and baby.”

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

(New Version).

 ♂ ♂ ♂

“Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds
 That play about your door.”
Don't believe that writer saw them
 Come a-flying, score on score,
To dance a gay fandango
 On his young strawberry-bed
And 'neath a scarecrow's coat-tail
 Plug every berry red.

They really seem quite frightened
 After they steal a bite;
They swiftly fly off to the fence
 E'en when no one's in sight.
The thieving little rascals! Now
 They only want a taste,
But a fresh one next time they choose—
 The last may go to waste.

I've thought about these berries
Since I set the vines last fall.
I've watched them grow and ripen
Beside the south house-wall;
But my bright anticipations
Of "strawberries and cream"
Or "shortcake" now have vanished like
The pictures of a dream.

I've posed as a bird-lover, but—
I'm counterfeit, I fear;
Yet I *am* a bird-protector
All *other* times of year.
But I'm so provoked this morning
If I'd a Gatling gun
I'd train it on that berry-bed
And slaughter every one.

Within my climbing rambler red
They built a nest one spring;
When four fat nestlings tilted it,
I strengthened it with string.
I've fed their young with bread-crumbs—
Scattered them day by day,
Snatched them unharmed from kitty
And watched them fly away.

They've nested 'neath my eave-troughs;
And when, one summer day,
Some swallows found a knot-hole
And went in, I let them stay;
Tacked up a deep cigar-box
To serve them for a nest.
(For two months, after 3 a. m.
Their noise disturbed my rest.)

They've sat upon my clothesline
And on my clean white clothes
Have left the prints, those robins,
Of dirty, muddy toes;
And thru it all of sympathy
And love I've known no lack,
But this is the proverbial "straw"
That broke the camel's back.

Those "Experimental" fellows
Have found some kind of drug
Destroying aphid, hairy worm,
And scale, and striped bug;
So birds are a "back-number".
But there's sentiment, you know,
And so, for sake of "Auld Lang Syne"
We'll let the rascals go.

A DREAMER'S REVERIE.

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The bygone days of my early youth
Came back in a dream last night.
I saw once more my teachers kind
And my schoolmates' faces bright.
Again we studied, again we strove—
A loving teacher our guide.
Once more, in fancy, I heard his voice;
Once more I stood by his side.

Mother was there with her loving eyes.
My brothers and sisters dear
Played by my side in the meadow-grass.
I awoke with joy; I was here,
Lying alone, and the room was dark.
My joy, like my youth, had fled.
Do all joys fade when youth is gone
And love and hope are dead?

Musing sadly, alone I lay
And thought of that far-off time
When Life seemed a beautiful fairy-tale
Told in beautiful rhyme.
Where is thy rhythm now, Tale of Life?
Broken the measure and sad
The cadence—saddened by graves of friends
And a sister young and glad.

Oh, give me the faith of my happy youth,
The youth that was here in my dream,
When life was sweet and friends were true
And all things what they seem.
Ah! that is the charm that makes youth bright,—
Before the knowledge is ours
That friends can be false, lovers untrue,
And worms in the fairest flowers.

In the Book of Life there is much to learn.
Some con its pages o'er
With careless eyes and thoughtless minds
And are happy as before.
Others drink deep of the knowledge there
Till both hope and faith are dead—
But the daylight creeps thru the window now
And both gloom and Muse have fled.

THE SADDEST WORD.

❀ ❀ ❀

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: ‘It might have been.’”
All deference to the man who wrote
The well-known couplet which I quote;
But ah! there is a sadder word
(The saddest e'er a mortal heard),
A word which sounds like to a moan
From human lips—Alone,—alone!

Alone when cometh on the night;
When, re-inforced by mem'ry's might,
The many cares that burden day
Return, nor will be driven away.
Alone in a world of happiness!
Loved ones gathered to cheer and bless
In many a fireside chair I see.
Alas! the world holds none for me.

Alone in the joy of earned success—
None to rejoice in my happiness.
Alone in my hours of bitter grief,—
Just turbulent thoughts for the brain's relief.
Then many a scene of bygone days
Is viewed once more in the fire's red blaze;
And tho the fault be but my own,
Yet my sad heart cries, "Alone—alone!"

Alone, when creepeth on old age
And sight grows dim o'er the printed page;
When dear Book-friends (the comfort of years)
Are read thru mists like unshed tears.
Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are *not*, "It might have been."
Yea, tho you but reap what you have sown,
The saddest of words is this—*Alone!*

THE LAND OF NOD.

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Oh, a magical land is the weird Land of Nod,
For their nothing is what it doth seem.
You may journey its length without money or price,
For you ride on the wings of a dream.
Oh, your steed may be tiny as Lilliput's own
Or as far-famed Bucephalus strong;
Yet more marvel and mystery there you may learn
Than you read of in story or song.

A deceptive old land is this Province of Nod,
Where the twin brothers Honor and Fame
Walk with you arm in arm and oft smilingly say
That they ever will cling round your name.
But when you have returned to the work-a-day world
You will find them as shy as of old;
For 'tis only while roaming in gardens of Nod
That most mortals their faces behold.

Oh, a restful abode is this same Land of Nod,
Where we lose all the cares of the day;
And where all of the sorrow and pain of the world
In sweet dreams have quite vanished away.
All have vanished away on the wings of the night
From the paths that their feet daily trod,
While we sojourn with rest in a land free from care—
The delectable old Land of Nod.

And a wonderful land is the fair Land of Nod,
With its treasures far dearer than gold ;
With its faces to greet you that many a year
Have been lying low under the mold.
There the dear ones long dead gather round you again
And you hear their loved voices once more ;
There the long absent friend comes with fingers out-
stretched
To give greeting again as of yore.

A mysterious land is the mute Land of Nod
(Near akin to the grim realm of Death)
For you journey therein without token of life
Save that found in the soft, peaceful breath.
And methinks when the journey of life shall be o'er
And the spirit returns to its God,
It will seem like just peacefully falling asleep
For a trip thru the dear Land of Nod.

MY "HEART'S-EASE".

 ♂ ♂ ♂

The morn had been dark and dreary
And my thoughts were dreary, too,
When I heard the click of the gate-latch
And a little child came thru.
His rosy lips were smiling ;
Smiling his bright eyes, too,
While his chubby fingers closely
Clasped flowers of heaven's own hue.

Then up the neglected pathway
Came the patter of boyish feet,
And soon in my outstretched fingers
Lay his cluster of violets sweet.
He smiled again at my "Thank you",
Turned and was quickly gone,
For his mates at the gate were waiting
And the merry group trooped on.

But somehow the morn had brightened
As I held those blossoms fair;
And as I inhaled their perfume
My heart seemed light as air.
Thru the whole long day they've cheered me.
"Heart's-ease" they've proved, and I've smiled
As in fancy again I've seen them
Held out in the hands of a child.

Ah, dear little gray-eyed laddie
With thy breast-knot of violets blue,
May God in His keeping hold thee.
Brave, thoughtful, loving, and true
Be ever thy life. Like the violets
Held out in thy hand to-day,
May its sweetness and purity brighten
All hearts it may touch on its way.

TO A PAIR OF TWIN BOYS.

♂ ♂ ♂

Two little dimpled baby boys
O'erflowing with baby charms.
One in his little high-chair sits
And one in mother's arms.
Twin buds that grew from a single stalk—
God keep you ever fair
And pure as now, one in mother's arms
And one in his little chair.

Two baby brows, serene and fair,
Two pairs of baby eyes
From which two angel souls peep out
In wonder and surprise.
Many a page those eyes may scan
(In a world of sorrow and sin)
That only can fail to brand the brows
Thru the strength from God within.

Two rosebud mouths for kisses made.
Thru all their coming youth
May the lips be fair and pure as now,
Speaking naught but words of truth.
And thru manhood's years unto ripe old age
May they ever be found most strong
In defense of Justice, Truth, and Right
'Gainst the giants, Fraud and Wrong.

Dear little clinging baby hands,
So dimpled and waxen white!
In years to come may they fearless wield
Sword or pen for the right.
May they raise the fallen, guide the weak,
And never be found in wrong.
In whatever the Father sends to do
May they labor well and long.

Oh, little bright-eyed dimpled babes,
So innocent and fair!
May you in time be peers of those
Whose honored names you bear—
Of Emerson and Edison—
And may God from above
Guide and guard ever, and your lives
Be joy and peace and love.

MOONSHINE.

♂ ♂ ♂

O Moon, could you tell, I know very well
That stranger than fiction or fairy lore
The story would be of the sights that you see
On your nightly journeys from shore to shore.
Lovers' vows spoken, those same vows broken,
'Tis thine, Lady Moon, many times to behold.
Much of life's history, more of earth's mystery,
Thou'st seen, Lady Moon, as the centuries rolled.

The lore thou'st been reaping (while others were sleeping)
Could it be ours, would we even believe?
How much of earth's sadness, how much of its gladness,
Has been thine thru that lore, Lady Moon, to receive.
Perchance 'tis as well you never can tell
The secrets you gain as you float thru the sky;
They'd cause sorrow and pain should you tell them again,
So 'tis well in your heart they forever must lie.

.....

Then soon, very soon, the Man in the Moon
Methought peeped down slyly and winked thrice at me;
And I looked with surprise at his shrewd little eyes,
And in fancy I heard him say, plain as can be—
“Lady, fear not, I pray you; the Moon on her way
Garners not any secret of earth; for, you see,
Being ‘Lady’ Moon—well, every secret she’d tell.
She has woes of her own, Lady, for she has *me*.

“You oft may have seen us—me flirting with Venus.
When the Moon rides at full in the fair eastern sky,
Then Hesperus’ beauty distracts me from duty
And the Moon’s pale, cold beams have no charm for
my eye.
When my ‘Star’ disappears, Mistress Moon hath her fears
(Lest closely she guard me) I’ll follow full soon.”—
He kept up his blinking while I stood there thinking,
“False, false to his vows,—e’en the ‘Man in the
Moon’.”

THE ISLE OF BURIED HOPES.



In the Sea of Mem'ry, beyond the ken
Of mortals, but traversed by thoughts of men,
A desert isle lies, drear and lone—
The saddest land that e'er was known.
Oh, happy he whose truant thought
May anchor there, yet show him naught
Of dead desires; who there may tread
Nor, ghoul-like, gaze on his exhumed dead
On The Isle of Buried Hopes.

Hopes of Love and of Fame lie there;
Of Friendship and Wealth—all passing fair.
Their spirits wander there by night,
E'en haunting at times its dull daylight.
Those lost Hopes ne'er forgotten lie,
For Memory's storm-waves, rolling high,
Maroon each (oft against his will)
For a midnight stroll by vale and hill
O'er The Isle of Buried Hopes.

No comrade cheers his lonely way
Who journeys there by night or day.
Nothing wholesome hath life or breath;
The gloom about is the gloom of death.
Tho the isle is rife with sob and moan,
The mourner there hears but his own.
Dead Hopes unnumbered before him lie;
Naught but his own e'er meet his eye
On The Isle of Buried Hopes.

The "Dead Sea Fruit" tree thriveth there—
Its "Apples of Sodom" to mortals fair.
Ashes of dead Hopes feed its root
To live once more in its tempting fruit.
There, too, the deadly upas tree
(Yclept "Regret") grows wild and free,
Envenoming the atmosphere
And leaving naught of life or cheer
On The Isle of Buried Hopes.

O Hopes, long-dead and buried there !
Tho you in life were more than fair
To me, haunt not by night or day
My path.—Let me forget, I pray.
Call me no more to that fell land
With crypt-lined paths on ev'ry hand.
O dear dead Hopes ! As tho unborn,
Lie till the Resurrection Morn
On The Isle of Buried Hopes.

WHEN I COME HOME FROM THE STORE.

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Two little forms at the window stand
Anxiously watching the street.
A step on the pavement and then hand in hand
They hasten dear papa to greet.
Hark ! how they chatter ; one clings to each arm.
Gaily they dance to the door,
Then into the hallway.—"O mamma ! Come quick !
Papa's come home from the store!"

Cho.

Who wouldn't haste from the whirlpool of life
To the caresses of children and wife?
Who'd be content with a bachelor's life
When he comes home from the store?

They chatter in gladness and then after tea

They clamber at once to my knees.

"A fairy story for sister and me

Tell for us dear papa, please."

"A bootiful 'tory, wiv goberlins free—"

"We won't tease you then any more."

"Oo promised to tell one for Buver an' me

When oo came home fom 'e 'tore." Cho.

The story is finished and two curly heads

Quietly lie on my breast.

"Mamma, make ready two little white beds;

Our darlings are going to rest."

Two sleepy prayers, and with reverent kiss

We "tuck" them and slip thru the door.

A *millionaire's wealth* couldn't purchase my bliss

When I come home from the store. Cho.

ODE TO A TOAD.

Poets oft have sweetly sung
 All the charms of earth and air
And enraptured I have hung
 Hours o'er their pages fair.
Have they ever "sung" *you*, Toad,
 (Warty, hopping on your way)
Tho they've met you in the road
 Oftentimes at close of day?

Have they ever stroked your side
 On some quiet, shady walk—
Watched you come from where you hide
 'Neath a sheltering mullein stalk—
Had you turn a mottled side,
 Ne'er a thought of harm from men?
They may e'en my theme deride
 As too lowly for the pen.

Have they ever watched your eyes,
 Seen them blink and film and shine
Brighter far than sunset skies
 Or sparkling gems from hidden mine?
Ah! their beauteous brown and gold—
 Symbols of the jewel said
By the alchemists of old
 To lie hidden in your head.

Ugly tho your form may be
 Yet I know your sterling worth.
Beauty oft breeds vanity
 And is useless on the earth.
Tho you're unappreciated
 Oft (and even spurned) by man,
You the Master, God, created.
 You were part of His great plan.

Tho you creep upon the earth,
 Yours a life of service true;
Yours a life of sterling worth
 Tho that worth is known to few.
Live your life then, humble friend,
 Tho unsung by all but me.
Who can say that at the end
 You may not more comely be?

THANKSGIVING.

δ δ δ

Thanksgiving Day is drawing near. Unstinted measure
"Twill give to all, when it is here, of joy and pleasure.
The lads who quit the old "home farm" (both grave and
 witty)
Find that it holds a curious charm not found in city—
 About Thanksgiving.

So as the day draws on apace, near and yet nearer,
They see in fancy father's face—and mother's—dearer.
They smell the cakes and pumpkin pies, the turkey roast-
 ing;
And mother's cooking to the skies they laud with boasting
 About Thanksgiving.

Then "mother" polishes and cleans from early morning
Till night comes on, with leaves and "greens" the home
adorning;
And "father" then the pumpkin brings, the turkey killing,
And carrying apples, smiles and sings, the great bin filling
About Thanksgiving.

"Boys" (thru the year content to roam and fill new places
In far-off fields) come trooping home with joy-bright faces.
And some with wives and babies dear come home to
"Mother"
For this glad time of all the year. She's like no *other*
About Thanksgiving.

The lasses, too, from shop and school and office meeting
At home again, free now from rule, give joyous greeting.
The house once more is filled with glee. Their old-time
places
Know them, and "Father" smiles to see those bright young
faces
About Thanksgiving.

And so they all come trooping home to feast and frolic.
(You'd think they never more would roam from scenes
bucolic.)
Yea, tho the "world" may have its charm, there is no other
One-half so dear as the old farm,—father,—and mother—
About Thanksgiving.

“YOUR FRIEND”.

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“Your Friend”—only two little words.

We hear them every day
Yet seldom do we give a thought
That oftentimes they count for naught,
Look at it how we may.

Only an empty shell at best,
Told in the words, “Your Friend”.
A passing thought, a careless glance
Is yours whene'er you meet by chance,
And there you reach the end.

“Your Faithful Friend”. What do they mean
To those who, thoughtful, write
Or speak the words? Pray list, while I
Tell what to me those words imply—
Their import and their might.

One who will stand in time of need
As firm as solid stone;
Whose hand is willing, heart is true,
Who (were there need) would yield for you
His life without a moan;

One who would labor day by day
For one he called a friend;
Who'd raise his hand to right your wrong,
Uphold you bravely, well, and long;
Stand by you to the end.

Such is a friend, a faithful friend.
His worth no one may say
Until at last rewards are given
From God's great Justice Seat in heaven
Upon the Judgment Day.

“COULD THE GODS THE GIFTIE GIE US.”

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Could the gods the giftie gie us
To see ousrels as itheres see us,
I'd ask they might grant us anither, too—
To behold our bairnies as itheres do;
When we, na doot, wad sune mak oot
Their merits from itheres' point o' view.

'Twad rob our bairns o' robe and wing,
Na doot, but 'twad mony a blessing bring
Suld ilka parent come aft to feel
Auld Solomon's proverb aboot the "Chiel
And rod" applied on ilka side
To their ain bonny bairns verra weel.

'Twad repay in part for the mony tears
I've shed thru weary and misjudged years
To ken they their bairnies' fau'ts had seen.
I'd rather far than be England's queen
The gods ain hour grant a' the power
To view their offspring thru itheres' een.

LAWYER JOHN'S DILEMMA.

❀ ❀ ❀

When Gabriel blows his shining horn
 And calls, "John Wilkinson,
 We banquet here at 6:15;
 Your work on earth is done.
 Peter will meet you at the gate
 To welcome you to heaven,"
 He's sure to have a "date" on hand
 With some Portland man at seven.

In haste he'll grab a megaphone
 To answer Gabriel's call:
 "Thanks for your invitation, Gabe;
 Can't get away at all
 To-night, so you must get along
 Without me—best you can.
 I'd *l-i-k-e* to come to heaven,
 But *I've got to meet a man.*"

THE JOURNEYS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE.

❀ ❀ ❀

'Tis a journey we all must travel,
 This sad, sweet Journey of Life.
 Father and mother, sister and brother,
 Sweetheart, husband, and wife
 All journey along together
 Thru glad and evil days,
 Till old Time ever all ties doth sever
 At the "Parting of the Ways".

Each one begins the journey
With a pitiful wailing cry,
Recorded in heaven the moment 'tis given
By angel hosts on high.
It stronger grows and stronger
As each recurring sun
Brings joy or sorrow with each to-morrow
Until Life's race is run.

The pathway each mortal must travel
Ne'er need be traveled alone.
Tho some dally hours in gardens of flowers
While others find many a stone,
Each one may turn in Life's pathway
Reaching a hand to share
The burden some other less fortunate brother
Finds greater than he can bear.

Ah, did we each heed the message
Sent us by teachers of old—
“Do unto another as we would that brother
Should do to us”—rule of gold,
Life would hold much of sweetness ;
And even should sorrows attend,
We'd have naught to repent for a life misspent
As we near the journey's end.

THE JOURNEYS OF LIFE AND DEATH. DEATH.

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'Tis a journey we all must travel,
 This mysterious journey with Death,—
Father and mother, sister and brother
 With faltering, failing breath.
No human hand to guide us—
 The pathway is all unknown.
To those realms of shade no road is surveyed
 And we travel the journey alone.

Alone on that journey? Oh, surely,
 E'en at the dark river's shore
Some one will meet us. Some hand must greet us
 As the dread boatman ferries us o'er.
Nay, no human hand cheers the journey;
 Each one must travel alone.
No hand to ease us—no one but Jesus
 Can pilot us unto the throne.

Ah! but He never will fail us,
 Whatever our lives may have been,
Whether they're given to labors for heaven
 Or whether they're steeped in sin.
One feeble cry for mercy
 E'en with the last faint breath
And He is beside us to comfort and guide us
 Thruout that dread journey with death.

The joys at the end of that journey
No mortal tongue ever hath told.
The beauteous sheen we never have seen
Of that glorious "City of Gold".
Oh, when the pearly gates open
Into the Land of the Blest,
All earthly cares ended, life's broken strands mended,
There safe may we enter and rest.

THE ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

❀ ❀ ❀

List to the plaint of the orphan child ;
List to the pitiful moan.
"Father and mother and all are gone
And I am left alone.
No one to give me a kindly word
Or soothe my aching head ;
No one to list to my evening prayer—
Father and mother are dead.

"I've no place to sleep when the wind blows cold—
My cover the midnight sky,
And only the pitiful God in heaven
To list to the orphan's cry.
No one cares for my pleading voice
When I ask for a crust of bread ;
No one to rock me to sleep at night—
Father and mother are dead.

“I pray each night to go home to heaven;
I long for my mother’s kiss.
To rest once more in my father’s arms—
Ah, that were surely bliss.
But here I must wander from day to day
Friendless and hungry for bread,
No one to pity me, no one to love—
Father and mother are dead.”

* * * *

“Inasmuch as ye do, it is done unto me,”
Said the Man of Sorrows one day,
“And the cup of cold water in charity given
Shall by me be remembered alway.”
Yet careless the world lieth down to its sleep
And wakes with the morning light,
While the motherless lambs of the Shepherd alone
Oft shelterless lie thru the night.

Many a hearthstone is childless to-night,
Many a mother-heart sad
For a dear little form that is dwelling with Christ—
Why not make some homeless heart glad?
Give it “Some one to rock me to sleep at night
Or soothe my aching head;
Some one to list to my evening prayer”—
Tho father and mother are dead.

“We are a Land of Peace in a World of War.”

Prof. O. H. Richardson, U. of W. Dec. 1914.

A LAND OF PEACE IN A WORLD OF WAR.

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This land of ours at this joyful time
Shall ring with the peaceful Christmas chime.

None of the horrors of battle field
With its trenches ghastly with dead ;
With what *were* men lying stark and cold
With the winter stars o'erhead.
No fresh-faced boys in serried ranks
With faces all grim and set ;
No anguished mothers praying at home
With their sleepless pillows wet.

This thing, O Lord, make us thankful for—
“A Land of Peace in a World of War”.

Ours is a land of gay Christmas feast,
A land of plenty for man and beast.
No city in wreaths of lurid flame
Enkindled by wanton hand ;
No field of its toil-earned fruits despoiled
To feed an invading band ;
No people standing with awe-struck eye
And watching, with bated breath,
Some great, gray war-demon (poised above)
Breathing destruction and death.
Lord, in our hearts make us thankful for
“A Land of Peace in a World of War”.

A land where supreme o'er monarch's word
The voice of conscience is ever heard
Set high above the power of Might
As seen on Eastern fields;
A land where Might maketh not for Right;
That to all true justice yields;
A land whose gift-laden ships go far
(With food and warmth and cheer)
To lands of a World despoiled by war
In this feud-imbittered year.
And this, Dear Lord, we are thankful for—
"A Land of Peace in a World of War".

SEPTEMBER RAIN.

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Tears from heaven are falling
In September rain,
For summer's beauties calling—
Tears bring them not again.

But from these tears of sorrow,
These days of somber gloom,
Rare autumn sweets to-morrow
Will spring from summer's tomb.

O Rains of sad September!
When summer joys are dead,
You from each dying ember
Bring forth new joys instead.

Thus from life's hours of sorrow,
From heaven sent to thee,
Will spring on some to-morrow
Rare flowers of sympathy.

While pleasures past can never
Return, tho mourned for years,
Rarer joys, lasting ever,
May spring from contrite tears.

And when, in life's September,
Sympathy's seeds of *love*
Ripen, ah! please remember
The rain came from Above.

For "Whom God loves, He chastens."
He giveth as you need;
And sorrow's tear but hastens
The ripening of His seed.

O dreary autumn showers!
Ye but foretell the birth
Of future grass and flowers
To beautify the earth.

O tears of bitter sorrow!
Ye are, indeed, the leaven
By which, on some to-morrow,
The soul may rise to heaven.

A TALE OF SPIRITS.

♂ ♂ ♂

“A ghost story”, you say? My friends,
 You know not what you ask.
Then you must list right patiently
 (You’ll find it sorry task)
While I, in somewhat broken verse,
This “Tale of Spirits” now rehearse.

Picture a one-room, old log house
 With unhewn logs for beams;
A ladder leading to a loft
 Where never daylight gleams.
Surrounded by a dreary wood
In a stump-clearing lone it stood.

Long years agone a Man of God
 Had sought that lonely place
And dwelt for years (perhaps that naught
 Might turn his thoughts from grace.)
His name, “The BORGIA House”, he then
Bestowed, and dwelt once more with men.

Deserted it had stood for years
 When that “Good Man” of mine
Moved in.—The place was near his work.
 Said he, “You’ll like it fine.”
No neighbor’s face for two long miles,—
My joy, my dimpled baby’s smiles.

Ages and ages ago it seems—
So much of trouble, tears,
Worry, and pain have since been mine;
Yet 'tis but nineteen years
To-day, with baby on my lap
I first heard there that spirit “rap”.

Of Tennyson I'd weary grown
That sunny Hallowe'en.
'Twas half-past two; my baby slept.
I gazed on autumn scene
Without, when sudden (soft and low)
I heard the beat of footsteps slow.

Near, and then nearer yet they came,
As when some country wight
In bed hears distant steps draw near
On city streets at night.
The swish of silken skirts then bore
Across that unused attic floor.

When, “Rap, tap, tap!” distinct I heard
Upon an oaken beam.
“Swish, swish!”, then “Rap, tap, tap!” again,
And nearer yet they seem.
“Swish! Rap, tap, tap!” Then all was still.
My hair stood straight with awesome thrill.

My babe I placed upon the bed ;
 My heart its normal beat
Regained. I then that ladder climbed
 To loft with lagging feet,
Tho sure some squirrel wee had found
His way within and scampered 'round.

But all was still ; naught could I see.
 I then put out the light
An gazed about to find a chink,
 But 'twas as dark as night.
When home the men returned at last,
I said no word of what had passed.

That eve when baby's colic cry
 Was hushed and she in bed
Was laid beside me, my Good Man
 Pulled off his shoes and said,
“I'll sit here for awhile and talk
For fear that *kid* sets up a squawk.”

And, as he talked beside me there,
 There came a sudden crash
As if a ton of iron had struck
 The house ; then like a flash
Came, “Rat, tat, tat !” upon the door.
The Good Man leaped across the floor,

Threw wide the door and looked about.
Silence was all around;
The moonbeams threw their silvery light
Upon the frosty ground,
But nothing moving was in sight.
The "spirit" walked no more that night.

The men were wakened oft from sleep
By eerie taps and moans;
By sudden footfalls on the floor;
By crashes or by groans.
They would not stay for love or pelf—
Soon Good Man labored by himself.

E'en he grew graver day by day—
Said he "saw things" at night;
Said white hands waved above his bed
And gave him such a fright;
Suggested that we "move away".
"This suits me fine," said I. "We'll stay."

The dishpan danced upon the wall;
My school-bell rang its chimes
And clinked when ghost hands set it back
In its place. Oftentimes
At dead of night I called, "Who's there?"
As "Rap, tap!" sounded on the air.

And so month after month went by.

 My sister said, "Pooh! pooh!"

When she came. "Superstition, Sis."

 The ghost "walked" that night, too.

She searched the room, blew out the light,
And slept no more the livelong night.

I never knew what hour I'd hear

 That step and silken swish.

It somehow got upon my nerves

 At last. I wrote, "I wish

This ghost nonsense of yours would end,
Dear Olive," to my dearest friend.

And then I told her all the tale

 Complete from first to last,

For she was Spiritualist, you see—

 The *medium* state had passed.

In a few days I got reply,

"I've sent no ghost to you—not I.

"But, my dear girl, just talk to it

 When next it visits you.

One rap is YES; *three*, I DON'T KNOW;

 And for NO, you'll hear *two*."

I then and there made up my mind

That I'd converse, were he inclined.

And then, for some strange cause unknown
His Ghostship seemed quite shy.
I heard no step nor rap nor moan
As days passed quickly by.
Each afternoon, as on the bed
My baby slept, I rocked and read.

Then suddenly, "Swish! Rat-tat-tat!"
Sounded on attic floor.
I found my resolution bold
Grown weaker than before.
My lips refused to move. My tongue
Clove to my mouth and helpless hung.

My active brain scarce formed the thought
My tongue refused to say—
"Is't I you wish?" when like a flash
Those two taps answered, "Nay."
"You are a *lady* ghost, I guess,"
Thought I, and one tap answered "Yes."

My hair again began to rise.
"Leave me in peace!" cried I;
And tho my brain was in a whirl,
I heard one tap reply.
I tossed my book and walked the floor
Nor e'er heard tap or footstep more.

* * * *

My friends, but almost I forgot.
I would confide to you
A circumstance that may explain
This spirit story true,
Although to me it gives no light.
I've pondered o'er it many a night.

That fall I'd raised two of the planks
Of that old oaken floor
And dug a hole quite two feet deep—
Perhaps a trifle more.
Then seventy fruit-jars I set there
To keep them safe from frosty air.

Well, just about the time in March
I "laid" that ghost by *thought*,
I lifted up those planks to see
If my fruit needed aught
Of care; and much to my surprise
A dirt-pile met my wondering eyes.

A hole led off and tracks led down.
We worked for hours to get
Those fruit-jars from that pile of dirt.
A trap then Good Man set,
And from that trap we took that day
Five big, fat WOODCHUCKS, old and gray.

Were *they* the ghost? Well, maybe so.
That's what the neighbors said,
Yet you know woodchucks dormant lie
Nor walk nor groan in bed.
And then, that dishpan and that bell,
That crash—What meant *they*? Well, YOU tell.

EVENING IN THE "BAD LANDS."

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We'd left, with many a homeward thought,
 The fields of golden grain
And reached "The Land that God Forgot"
 On swiftly moving train.

Westward *en route* we swept along
 Past buttes where coyotes roam;
Thru drear lands famed in verse and song
 As the cowboys' lonely home.

Then on our right the golden sun
 Sank slowly to his rest
On purple couch, by cloud-hands spun,
 Far in the crimson west.

A silver moon, at full that night,
 From eastern bed rose high;
And gleaming stars, like diamonds bright,
 Dotted an azure sky.

My soul drank deep those dear delights.
 At last I understand
The charm—the witchery of its nights—
 That crowns this lonely land.

Montana, Aug. 15, 1913.

MEINE WEISE TAUBE.

(MY WHITE DOVE.)

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My birdling's left the home nest—
 Essayed her first short flight
Out in the world—and I'm alone
 With my brooding thoughts to-night.
But sadder than all loneliness
 Is a thought akin to pain
Which gives me bitterest heart-ache—
 “ 'Twill ne'er be the same again.”

The bouquet of field-daisies white
 She gathered ere she went
Despite my care is fading now.
 Its short life's all but spent.
Somehow they seem much like her
 As I sit here alone to-night—
A heart of gold, like a Marguerite,
 A soul as its petals white.

'Tis only as Nature wills it
 That after the birds are grown
And feathered they leave the parent nest
 And learn to soar alone.
But the mother-heart, uneasy,
 Flutters; she chirps and calls
Oftimes unheeded by all save Him
 Who “knows when a sparrow falls”.

And so I (much like a mother bird),
Tho I know that all is right,
Am sad and uneasy and cannot rest
As I sit here alone to-night.
I know she can soar without me,
But the thought brings only pain;
For seldom when birds have tried their wings
Do they seek the home nest again.

Dear little White Dove in the world to-night—
No sheltering wings to enfold.
“God help her keep her soul pure white
And untarnished her heart of gold.
May the world-snares, set for unwary feet,
Be powerless to harm her there
And the many temptations she'll daily meet
Be conquered,” is mother's prayer.

IN THE TWILIGHT. (Consolation.)

❀ ❀ ❀

When at last the day is ended
And the hour has come for dreams,
When you're sitting in the gloaming
Thru which firelight faintly gleams,
Sit not there in useless grieving
For the loved one gone before;
Rather count the many blessings
Still remaining from God's store.

For your loved one is not sleeping
In that shroud beneath the sod;
He is free from pain and sorrow,
Safe within the Halls of God.
It was but the shell you shrouded
There, from which the soul had fled.
Chosen heir to life eternal
Is the one whom you call dead.

Tho you list in vain for footsteps
Or the cheery voice of yore,
Both are sounding with the angels
Over on the other shore.
And the eyes so true and bonny
That closed here with his last breath
Watch for you, undimmed in beauty,
In that realm that knows no death.

So when twilight shadows lengthen
Let not burning teardrops fall
As you reverent view the pictures
Clearly limned on Memory's wall;
Say with willing resignation,
"Father, Thou hast given Thy Son
For us, so I yield my treasure
To Thee. Let Thy will be done."
To Laurie, Jan., 1912.

MY SCHOOLDAYS.

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Sweet girlhood days, ye are with me no longer;
 Bright happy schooldays, your pleasures are o'er.
Many the friendships your concord made stronger;
 Long have they flourished, tho ye are no more.
Tho ye are gone, yet your influence lingers
 Warm on my heart as I felt it of yore;
I turn memory's pages with reverent fingers
 And dream of the schooldays I now know no more.
 The bright, happy schooldays,
 The fun-loving schooldays,
 The old-fashioned schooldays I now know no more.

The low, stuffy schoolhouse how well I remember,
 The rough wooden blackboard that hung on its walls.
I turned there with joy each recurring November.
 The face of each teacher fond memory recalls.
They are gone from my life; I shall never more meet them,
 Yet memory brings back each face as of yore;
And gladly I'd halt in life's pathway to greet them
 For sake of the schooldays I now know no more.
 The bright, happy schooldays,
 The mirth-bringing schooldays,
 The old-fashioned schooldays I now know no more.

I've trudged to that schoolhouse in all sorts of weather—
Dry days and wet ones, hot days and cold.
There were days when I trudged along wondering whether
Knowledge were really better than gold.
But now that they're only in memory dwelling,
I find they were laden with blessings a score;
And tears of regret to my eyes oft are welling
That the schooldays I knew can return nevermore.
The bright, happy schooldays,
The "spelling-bee" schooldays,
The old-fashioned schooldays I now know no more.

MY TREASURE.

❀ ❀ ❀

There's a wee dimpled boy—he's my pride and my joy—
With a phiz like the full, full moon;
And his round baby eyes are as blue as the skies,
As the beautiful skies of June.
When I come home at night, how he crows with delight;
How he gurgles with pleasure and glee.
Oh, to you he may be like all babies you see,
But he's more than the whole world to me.

Oh, that sweet baby boy is my heart's dearest joy,
With his lips like twin rosebuds in June
And his fair waxen cheeks where a sly dimple speaks.
When he smiles all the world is in tune
And my old heart's as gay as a maiden's in May
As she roams with her love hand in hand.
Ah, my joy (without doubt) when the secret is out,
"He's my grandson," you'll all understand.

But his childhood's bright years with their joys and their
tears

All too swiftly will vanish away;

Ay, the years soon will fleet when my darling must meet
With temptation and vice on life's way.

When I think of the snares, of the sorrows and cares
There in wait for his innocent feet,

Then my eyes fill with tears, and my heart hath its fears
Lest the bitter may come with the sweet.

Now he lies on my arm safe from sorrow and harm

And I watch all his sweet baby wiles;

And each night this my prayer for my darling so fair:
That God shield him from all that defiles;

That in future the youth know but honor and truth;

That his lips speak but kindness and love;

That his hands take delight in defending the Right,
Guided true by the Father above;

That the man he shall be from all vices be free;

That his lips earnest counsel shall speak;

That his hand e'er befriend and his valor defend
The helpless and fallen and weak.

Heavenly Father, this prayer for my darling so fair

I'll send nightly, and trust evermore

That in Thine own good way Thou wilt guide him alway
Till his journey on earth shall be o'er.

GOLDEN-ROD.

♂ ♂ ♂

O Golden-rod! Thy plumes of sun-kissed flowers
 Shall be this morn a painter's brush for me.

As Fancy wields it thru the sunny hours
 A picture of my girlhood I shall see.

An old log bridge across a reedy marsh—
 A lane with zigzag fence on either hand—

An oak wherein the vagrant crows caw harsh—
 A tiny stream by tottering foot-plank spanned.

Ah, how the picture grows upon my view;
 A woodland brook with asters thickly set—
A meadow path with willows fringed—and you,
 Dear Heart, I see again where first we met.

The stile whereon we whiled the hours away—
 And all about, as far as eye can see,
Bright golden-rod flaunts many a sunny spray
 Athwart the picture Fancy limns for me.

Again, thru Fancy's ear, I hear your voice
 Tho you, Sweetheart, are laid beneath the sod.
Once more you gather blossoms of my choice—
 Wild asters blue and willowy golden-rod.

The picture fades, for Mem'ry comes between
 My brush and me. The autumn sun is cold.
No more the joys of girlhood haunt the scene—
 And you are dead, Sweetheart, and I am old.

* * * *

Yet, Golden-rod, thy sprays hold ever power
To call my youth again to me; and all
Its joys return as for one fleeting hour
I view the scenes you paint on Fancy's wall.

And so I love thy golden flow'rets sweet;
And they a talisman shall ever be
By whose bright power I may sometimes greet
Scenes of my youth and friends now lost to me.

Sweet Golden-rod! On this September morn
By Fancy wielded, thou hast been in truth
A magic brush thru whom to me was born
Anew one precious hour of vanished youth.

YOUR PICTURE.

♂ ♂ ♂

(To Old-Time Pupils.)

I look at your pictured faces
And the past comes back to me.
Once more you ride on my shoulder
Or cluster about my knee;
The youngest and dearest, upon my lap,
Again showers kisses free.

I look at your pictured faces,
But what think you that I see?
The snow-clad sweep of Wisconsin hills;
Bare bush and naked tree;
The old schoolhouse at the "Corners"
And the days that you spent with me.

I look at your pictured faces
And my brain with memories teems—
Memories that rise and haunt me
Like half-remembered dreams;
And the time of Twenty Years Ago,
How like yesterday it seems!

I look at your pictured faces,
Yet I see but the Long Ago—
A baby boy rocked in my arms
When the summer sun is low.
As I wander in galleries of the Past,
How its faded pictures glow!

I look at your pictured faces
And I muse o'er all the years
Buried between that past and now.
With a rush the sudden tears
Suffuse my eyes; for as "children"
Your graves I have viewed, my dears.

I look at your pictured faces
And I pray this heartfelt prayer—
"God keep you ever pure and good,
Your souls as your faces fair.
By His grace may I one day enter heaven
And welcome your faces there."

SOLD OUT.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

(A Declaration of Independence.)

No more at four-fifteen A. M.
I'll shoulder spade or hoe,
And do the work of four strong men
Before the sun's hot glow
Shall scorch my neck and start the sweat
Until I fume and scold;
No more I'll wrestle with the ferns—
Thou'rt sold, my ranch, thou'rt sold.

No more with weary anxious eye,
I'll watch for signs of rain
(Because I fear it for my hay
Or need it for my grain).
No more the late or early frosts
On me can have a hold;
I do not fear their blighting breath—
Thou'rt sold, my ranch, thou'rt sold.

No more, full dressed in male attire,
I'll pound contrary nails
(And likewise pound fingers or thumb
And give forth sundry wails
Like, "O dear me!" or "Blame the luck!")
No more, like sailor bold,
Paint-pail in hand I'll roam the roof—
Thou'rt sold, my house, thou'rt sold.

No more a cow with angry foot
Shall turn my milk-pail o'er,
Nor shall the skunk nocturnal creep
Under my milkhouse door.
No more, with old dash churn for mint,
I'll coin the yellow gold
(Likewise coin blisters on my hands)—
Thou'rt sold, my cow, thou'rt sold.

No more shall pips and chicken-lice
Rob me of restful sleep.
No more, on wholesale slaughter bent,
The robber skunk shall creep
Beneath the eaves to kill my chicks,
While I with courage bold
Surprise and kill him with a hoe.—
Thou'rt sold, my hens, thou're sold.

I shall not drive the wandering herds
That steal, on bended knee,
The grass that grows within my field.
The hawk no more I'll see
Swoop down upon my baby chicks.
No more the plow I'll hold
Nor longer strive 'gainst worms and lice.—
Thou'rt sold, my cares, thou'rt sold.

No more, when wintry winds shall dash
 Against the window-pane,
I'll sit with feet on my own hearth
 And heed not wind nor rain;
For homeless now I'll wander far—
 Yea, like the Arab bold,
I'll "fold my tent and steal away".—
 Thou'rt sold, my home, thou'rt sold.

QUERIES.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

Do the loved ones gone before us
 To that unknown Better Land
E'er return and hover o'er us
 Near enough to touch our hand?
Just one look on their dear faces,
 Of their lips one lingering press—
Life were robbed of half its sorrow
 Could we feel one fond caress.

Do they know our joys and sorrows?
 Do they know our hopes and fears?
Are they happy when we're joyful?
 Do they grieve when we shed tears?
Nay, I trust not. Our dear Father
 Plans with love and care alway;
They in heaven could not be happy
 Could they know we go astray.

Does the memory linger with them
 Of the severed earthly ties?
Do they know how much we miss them
 In their home beyond the skies?
Could we ask that they remember
 (If we love them) any tear,
Any sorrow, any trouble,
 Any grief that we know here?

Tho 'twere joy to deem them near us
 In our hours of grief and woe;
Joy to feel that they can hear us,
 Could we, would we have it so?
So I trust, by God's great goodness
 Our dear ones who've gone before
Have no knowledge of earth's sorrows
 Over on the shining shore,

But are freed e'en from the knowledge
 Of the grief their going brought.
Tho 'twere joy to think they guard us,
 With that joy would come the thought
That our sins and sorrows grieve them
 And they can't be joyful there;
So 'twere better to believe them
 Happy in the Savior's care.

THE OLD YEAR'S LAST HOURS.

❀ ❀ ❀

Written on the wildest night I have ever known in the West. Just before midnight the wind entirely died away, and I could plainly hear the demonstrations in Portland (18 miles distant) that heralded the new year, 1900.

'99, alas! you're dying—

 'Tis a fit night for your death.

Dreary winds around are sighing
Like the moan of dear friends, crying
 As they watch your failing breath.

'99, your life is ending;

 Soon the world and you must part.

Many watchers, o'er you bending,
Listen (smiles and teardrops blending)
 For the last throb of your heart.

'99, what thoughts are weighing

 Down your spirit as you lie

Near to death? What is't you're saying?
You for some time have been praying
 For the hour when you must die!

Yes, I know the world's deceiving.

 Half its vows it did not keep;

And you trusted it, believing
In its honor and are grieving!

'99, why should you weep?

'99, have done with grieving;
Nobly have you done your best.
You've been giving, not receiving,
All your life; and now you're leaving
Us to go unto your rest.

Why that moan? Alas! you're weeping.
Tell me what you have to fear,
'99; you'll soon be sleeping—
Even now the death-dew's creeping.
"Ah!", you say, "The young New Year!"

It's for him your tears are flowing,
For the woes that he must bear
When he takes your place, not knowing
Promises are broken, going
Forth so young and brave and fair!

Dear Old Year, you're not foreseeing
All the griefs he'll have to know,
Are you? Really, that's not being
Kind to us. Please rest, agreeing
To trust him to us ere you go.

'99, God will be guiding
That young year along its way.
In Him we are each confiding;
In His care we're all abiding,
Let the year bring what it may.

Ah! You're easy—no more sighing.
Have you put your trust On High?
That is well, for time is flying.
Hark! The clock strikes twelve! You're dying,
'99. Old Year, good-by!!

THE WORLD MOVES ON.

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Each of us lives his allotted days
(Spend them well or ill, or in work or play)
Then passes. A tear or a word of praise,
And the world moves on in the same old way.

To some we may be as the breath of life;
But Time the physician his hand will lay
On the heart of parent or child or wife,
And the world move on in the same old way.

We mourn our dead with a grief sincere
When we lay them to rest till the Judgment Day;
But when Time brings surcease we dry the tear
And move with the world in the same old way.

Not the Man, but the work that he has done
For the good of mankind will be known alway,
For he may go Hence between "sun and sun"
Yet the world moves on in the same old way.

Tho we deem none other the earth may bring
Can take his place when he's called away—
Hark!—"The King is dead—Long live the King!"
And the world moves on in the same old way.

ON THE ROAD HOME.

♂ ♂ ♂

The red flag waved; the train slowed down.

“Washout ahead!” was the word we had.

They sidetracked us in a little town

Where food was scarce and mosquitoes were bad.

They told us that there we must pass the night,

For we couldn’t go on till the morning light.

Tho there were some in our little band

Of tourists who not a murmur made,

Complaints were loud on every hand

Of connections lost or plans mislaid.

Just to pass away time in that little town

I listened to comments and jotted them down.

Forgive the measure—I know it’s bad,

For I’m no poet. You’ll know that, too,

When you see these lines, and you’ll be glad

They’re few as they are when you’ve read them thru.

And yet I’m sure none here will blame

Tho the rhythm be faulty or measure tame.

“I wouldn’t ‘a’ cared,” was the first I heard,

“Ef I wuz as young as I used tew be.

Jest look at that feller a steppin’ there

Like he owned the arth! It’s plain to see

Ef we’re kep’ here a *week*, *he* won’t care a cent.

With that gal to walk with, *he’d* be content.”

Poor old man! Tho I'm past my prime
And such pleasures for me are gone with the past,
I envy not youth its happy time
For all such pleasures cannot last.
Youth's golden moments hold no alloy,
So drink in full measure their fleeting joy.

"There's some one waiting for me," said one.
"My husband's to meet me," another said.
"I must telegraph him ere to-morrow's sun
If we reach in safety the town ahead."
"I'd swear, if of any use 'twould be,"
Said another, "That steamer won't wait for me."

"Some one waiting for me"—Ah, yes,
They're waiting for me on the other shore.
No message can come to comfort or bless,
Yet I'll meet them there when life's journey's o'er.
Do they know how long and dreary the road
I'm journeying on to their blest abode?

And you, my friend, with the steamer berth
That you've forfeited here by this long wait,
So live that when you journey from Earth
To Heaven at the wharf you may not be late;
That when God's steward passes thru
He may say, "Come aboard; there's a berth for you."

On the Journey of Life we are traveling all;
And Death is the washout where all must wait
The will of the Master and list His call
Ere we enter at last (thru the Golden Gate)
And anchor safe, life's voyage o'er,
At the golden strand of the heavenly shore.

A DAY.....Laurie E. Zabler.

A SIAMESE TWIN.

LIFE'S DAY.....C. Theressa Long.

♂ ♂ ♂

When the dawn's first rays are breaking,
When the little birds are waking,
Singing loud their songs of gladness,
Then my darling's eyes are bright.
Out of bed she quickly tumbles,
Into shoes and stockings stumbles;
Ready for her trip from Morning
To the village of To-Night.

Soon she leaves the town of Morning
(Brightest flowers her path adorning)
Never pausing, never resting;
Soon the bridge of Noon is passed.
Onward still her feet are speeding,
Never halting, scarcely heeding
That the sun's last beams are fading,
Till To-Night is reached at last.

When the evening shades are falling,
When the night-bird's voice is calling,
 Then my darling's eyes are heavy
 And she wearies of her play.
Gently in my arms I take her
(Singing softly lest I wake her).
 On my breast, in restful slumber,
 Ends her journey of the day.

* * * *

Darling! All her happy childhood
May she roam in Pleasure's wildwood;
 For life's but a day's short journey
 And its night comes all too soon.
Tho life's battles fierce enfold her,
May her conscience firm uphold her.
 May she in the path of Virtue
 Walk with willing feet at noon.

Little Darling! May God guide her
Whatsoever may betide her.
 May He lead her by His counsels
 Tho her path be dark or light.
And when the Day of Life is ending
And its sun is low descending,
 On Jesus' breast, His arms about her,
 May she meet the long, dark night.

TO A ROSEMARY SPRAY.

❀ ❀ ❀

I walk along a village street
Musing on life, its cares—and then
I pluck thy sprays, rosemary sweet,
And straightway am a child again.

Thy fragrance has not greeted me,
My childhood's friend, thru weary years.
Now, as thy long, green leaves I see,
The past I view thru gathering tears.

With baby brother folded close
I play upon a grass-plot green.
The lowly door, my mother's face—
Ah! Memory holds no fairer scene.

It comes before me as I stoop
And pluck thy sprays, rosemary fair.
Again her beauteous face I see,
Her tender eyes and glossy hair.

The wrinkles wrought by time and care
Are swept by magic quite away
And Memory paints her young and fair,
The brush—a sweet rosemary spray.

I am not one with those about;
I heed not talk on daily themes.
I only see thy wilting leaves
And, gazing, live as one in dreams.

An eager child appears to view ;
Her chubby fingers tightly close
Upon thy sprays, yet fresh with dew,
Mingled with those of sweet wild rose.

The shifting panorama brings
An old log schoolhouse to my view,
A teacher in the doorway framed.
Ah ! face so tender, kind, and true.

Ah ! heart so tender, hands so dear.
She takes the wilted, sweet bouquet
With pleasant smile and words of cheer—
A child is happy for a day.

I've dreamed away the morning hours ;
I'll lay thy drooping leaves away.
Thru thee I've gained a glimpse of youth,
A lease of childhood's Golden Day.

Written in July, 1908, at Pullman College, Wash.,
after seeing rosemary growing for the first time in twenty
years.

SILVER MAPLES.

♂ ♂ ♂

'Tis not "The House Where I Was Born"
That stands beneath their shade.
Their leaves are rustling night and morn
O'er where my brothers played.

My sisters sat beneath their shade
Thru happy summer hours;
There oft with dolls and dishes played
Or garlands wreathed of flowers;

And thus for me they hold the charm
Of many bygone joys.
God safely keep from every harm
Those merry "girls" and "boys".

We all are grown and scattered now
And many a line of care
Has Father Time set on each brow
While silver threads our hair.

And yet beneath the maples' shade
I seem to be once more
A child and see the games we played
About the farmhouse door.

Forgotten every present joy—
I only sit and dream.
Youth is the "Gold without alloy"
Found in life's fleeting stream.

Oh, could a fairy come to-day
And grant one wish to me,
I'd ask we all once more might play
'Neath the silver maple tree.

THE LAND OF "SOME DAY".

♂ ♂ ♂

"Some day," says the boy, "I'll be a man.

I'll obey neither teacher nor rule.

I'll be like the bees and the bright butterflies

And the birds that go never to school.

I'll roam as I wish with a rod or a gun

And no one shall say me, 'Nay'.

The time will soon come when all lessons are done,

For I'll be a man some day."

Beautiful Land of Some Day

Where never comes sorrow nor pain;

Mystical Land of Some Day

With its towering "Castles in Spain".

Boy with his top and his ball,

Girl with her hoop and her doll

Are architects there of castles in air

In that beautiful Land of Some Day.

"Some day," sighs the girl as she bends o'er her book,

"All my lessons and tasks will be o'er.

No dishes to wash nor no baby to tend,

No broom to drag over the floor.

There'll be parties and balls—I'll be free as the wind.

From dawn until dark I'll play;

I'll gather wild flowers thru long, sunny hours,

For I'll be a woman some day."

Beautiful Land of Some Day,

Where never comes sorrow nor pain;

Mystical Land of Some Day

With its castles that tower in Spain.

Boy with his top and his ball,

Girl with her hoop and her doll

Build air-castles there (as frail as they're fair)

In that mythical Land of Some Day.

“Some day,” says the man, “I’ll rest from my work,
For of late I’ve grown weary of strife.
The world is a whirlpool of sorrow and sin
You must battle against all your life.
Just a few more short years of this striving and care,
And then I’ll have time for play;
I’ll go to the old home and end my days there—
I’ll be free as a boy *some day.*”

Beautiful Land of Some Day
With its visions of pleasure and rest;
Magical Land of Some Day,
Where we’ll always find what we love best.
Sunsets are ever more fair,
Flowers more glowing and rare
In that land of delight with its promises bright,
In that mystical Land of Some Day.

“Some day,” sighs a woman, weary and worn
With motherhood’s watching and care,
“Some day, when my children to manhood are grown
And I’m free as the birds of the air,
I’ll read the new books—o’er the world I will roam;
As a girl I’ll be happy and gay.
I long for the sight of my dear childhood’s home;
I’ll go there and rest *some day.*”

Beautiful Land of Some Day
With its visions of pleasure and rest;
Magical Land of Some Day,
Where we ever see what we love best.
Its skies are so sunny and blue
And friends there prove never untrue.
This land we shall see in the time of TO BE,
This mystical Land of Some Day.

“Some day,” say a pair with eyes faded and dim,

“This life with its pain will be o’er.

Hand in hand we go down to the River of Death

Where we’ll cross to the heavenly shore.

We are nearing the end; our life work is done.

We are feeble and bent and gray.

The Savior has guided us safe to the brink—

We’ll see His dear face *some day.*”

Beautiful Land of Some Day,

Where comes neither sorrow nor pain;

Long-promised Land of Some Day,

Where we’ll meet with our loved ones again.

Jesus, our Savior and Friend,

Thru eternity never to end

Will rejoice with us there, in those bright realms so
fair,

In that beautiful Land of Some Day.

WASHINGTON WINTER FRIDAYS.

♂ ♂ ♂

Jan. 31. The skies are gloomy, dull, and gray
This foggy January day.
The south wind blows, presaging storm,
The air almost as summer warm.
Dim outlined on the fog-bound hills
The lone firs stand, like sentinels
Whose ceaseless vigils have been kept
Thru ages while the valley slept.

Feb. 7. With craggy sides all brown and bare,
Wind-swept of snowy covering fair,
Seen thru a haze of swirling sand
(Majestic still) Mt. Hood doth stand.
Along the broad Columbia's shore
Its waters, lashed by east winds, roar—
Those wild east winds, whose eerie voice
Make all for home and hearth rejoice.

Feb. 14. The earth looks sodden, bare, and dead;
The rain clouds lower overhead.
Now such a stormy day, I trow,
Good St. Val's plans may overthrow.
No bird will dare to choose its mate
In such a wet, bedraggled state;
For all day long the wintry rain
Has plashed against the window-pane.

Feb. 21. Fresh-clad in robes of gleaming white
Like maiden on her bridal night,
 Half hid in pearly veil of mist
 The Foothills stand, as yet unkissed.
But, as I gaze, the bridegroom Sun
Parting the glist'ning veil, mist-spun,
 Gives the accustomed kiss of years—
 Changing their bridal robes to tears.

Feb. 28. A glorious day, like sunny spring.
From apple bough the robins sing;
 And from their leaves the violets peep,
 Rosy and fresh from winter's sleep.
All the warm air their fragrance fills,
And see! The golden daffodils
 On lawns in clusters now appear
 Softly calling, "Spring is here!"

I LONG FOR YOU, MY DEAR.

♂ ♂ ♂

(To My Mother.)

I am girded for life's struggle.
From dawn till set of sun
Long years I've fought its battles;
The victory's all but won.
But oftentimes I'm weary
As swift year follows year,
And life seems oh, so dreary—
Then I long for you, my dear.

Then nothing seems worth having;
There are "spots" upon life's sun.
I think not of the fight I've made,
Care naught for victories won;
I only long for shelter then,
To feel some loved one near
Whose tender arms would hold me—
Then I long for you, my dear.

Sometimes life's skies are sunny
And all the world seems bright.
All is but peaceful drifting,
No battle-field in sight,—
When clouds on Fate's horizon
Loom, and life's storms draw near.
Tho I brace to meet the conflict,
Yet I long for you, my dear.

E'en when I'm most successful
 And all is filled with cheer,
As in Auld Lang Syne I yearn to come
 And tell it to you, dear.
Yes, when I'm with the gayest
 And all is bright and clear,
Tho I'm happy and contented,
 Yet I long for you, my dear.

I need you in my happiness
 Not less than in my pain.
Life's but a stormy voyage
 With Heaven the port to gain;
And when Death presents as pilot
 As the journey's end draws near,
Tho he moor life's boat at Heaven's wharf—
 There I'll long for you, my dear.

TO MY FRIEND S—.

❀ ❀ ❀

We have lived our lives much as others have done,
 You and I, whose hopes were so fair.
Our Castles in Spain that towered to the sun
 Have vanished away into air.
Your Justice's robe is an old frock coat,
 Your gavel a pipe. I confess
That the poet whom all the world was to note
 Is oft seen in a housemaid's dress.

And I ask, "Did the prosaic women and men
With whom we touch lives day by day
Build air-castles, too, in life's rosy morn,
Castles that vanished away?"
For labor's stern wheel in the treadmill of life,
Unceasing as year follows year,
Is most fatal indeed to the glowing ideals
That in youth are most precious and dear.

Then misfortune and grief play a powerful part
In o'erthrowing our most cherished schemes,
For the loss of our loved ones leaves heavy the heart
With no will to fulfill youthful dreams.
So we drift, idly drift, down the River of Life
Thru the years when our strength is the best,
All unwilling to enter the discord and strife
And compete in the race with the rest.

Since the sorrow and pain that our Father has sent
Is part of His infinite plan
To fit us for heaven, our lives are but lent
To do here all the good that we can.
And as all comes to us on this old earthly ball
As the Master directs and intends,
Why, what matter if fame comes in this life at all
If we've only earned heaven when it ends?

PLAYING CRIBBAGE.

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When the evening lamps are lighted
And we sit about the fire;
When I've read, sometimes for hours,
Till my eyes begin to tire;
'Tis then I yawn and quickly rise
And put away my book
(The while I get the cribbage-board
From its accustomed hook)
And we both play cribbage.
With "fifteen-two" or "thirty-one",
A "pair", a "go", sometimes a "run";
A hand that scores you twenty-four—
How could a mortal ask for more?

When our supper hour is over
And some one has washed the dishes;
When at last the cat's in clover,
Having just the chair he wishes;
When the chicken-house is shut and locked
And yard and shed the same,
And we can sit down long enough
To enjoy a quiet game,
Then we both play cribbage.
With "fifteen-two"—perhaps a "pair"
Is scored ere "thirty-one" is there.
Oftimes a "royal" or a "run"
Is scored, and lo! the game is won.

Then I think of days departed
Long ago in bygone years,
And thus dreaming I'm sad-hearted—
I can scarce restrain the tears.
I recall the winter evenings
Ere we had begun to roam
O'er the world. We children gathered
Round the table there at home,
And we all played cribbage
With "sequences" and "pairs" *galore*
That helped so oft to raise the score;
A "royal" or a "flush of three"—
How long ago it seems to me!

Then of days far, far less distant,
Not in childhood's far-off past,
When we were in old Washougal—
Days that were too bright to last.
Then my sweet young daughter-sister
Learned the game and often said
(When I a "Good-night" had kissed her
And my thoughts were all on *bed*),
"Muzzer, let's play cribbage."
And oh, the hands she laid to view!
She little cared for "fifteen-two"
In playing, when her hand would score
Fifteen, eighteen, or twenty-four.

And that winter—"Mind" it, Sister,
Ere your honeymoon had waned
How the "Old Mon" came an evening
Of each week, and sore complained,
When he lost, that 'twas the beauty
Of your sparkling, laughing eyes
That distracted him from duty
And made his plays unwise
When we all played cribbage?
When "pairs" in play he'd fail to take
And e'en some "double-run" would break?
When "Dar-r-r-lin's" eyes upon him beamed,
The Old Mon quite a novice seemed.

Then a later time, when brother
(As I tired of reading "Scott")
Tho his limbs were rather shaky
Said he'd "sooner play than not";—
And in a cottage when the river—
Flood was raging at its height,
I can hear another brother
Say again, as on that night,
"Sister, let's play cribbage."
And tho that night my hands were tame,
I played and lost game after game.
At last—fourteen to one the score—
I vowed to play that night no more.

Life, I muse, is much like cribbage,
 But the hands are dealt by Fate.
Ofttimes luck seems dead against you ;
 Ofttimes good hands come too late.
Tho now and then a few will "nig"
 (Unworthy suicides are they),
Most play with grit the hands Fate deals
 From birth till their last day
 Life's game of cribbage.
Tho oftentimes "nineteen" comes to view
 And "double-royals" are but few,
 Or "runs"—do not the dealer blame ;
 Keep "pegging". It may win the game.

THE TRILLIUMS' MAGIC.

❀ ❀ ❀

Just a bouquet of lilies white
 Held out in a childish hand,
But they carry me back o'er a shadowy track
 To childhood's fairyland.

I stoop, and in their petals white
 And in their leaves so green
I bury my face, losing time and place—
 Seeing many a bygone scene.

Their fragrance, like fabled elixir of old,
 Makes me a child once more;
And I'm shouting with glee as my teacher I see
 Thru an open schoolhouse door.

Again 'tis a morning in early June
 And I, on my way to school,
Carry lilies white with a child's delight
 Thru woodpaths shady and cool.

Once more I list to the bumblebees
 As they drone on the window-pane;
On the old, worn seat, with swinging feet
 I am sitting—a child again.

From the petals white of each flower fair,
 A rosy schoolmate's face
Peeps slyly out with a merry shout
 Or with girlhood's laughing grace.

O happy days of innocent youth,
 You are mine again for an hour.
Unstinted measure of all your pleasure
 Is mine—the gift of a flower.

IN THE GARDEN 'MID THE FLOWERS.

❀ ❀ ❀

A country youth and a city belle were standing side by side

In a dear old-fashioned garden 'mid the flowers.

He had youth and health and courage, she had beauty, wealth, and pride;

In that garden they'd spent many happy hours.

But Friendship's day was past and gone, and Love now filled each heart.

The silver moonlight fell on each fair head.

The young man gazed on her he loved from whom he soon must part

And to his sweetheart then he softly said :

"Life is passing fast away; soon we'll both be old and gray

Tho we heed it not in youth's bright golden hours.

Give your answer, Sweetheart Nell; be my wife—content to dwell

Forever with me here amid the flowers."

She turned her head and met his gaze as they stood by the gate—

Her lover, whom she loved yet cast aside.

Pride strove with love and won. She said, "To love you is my fate

And yet, dear heart, I ne'er will be your bride

Till you bring me fame or fortune to lay here at my feet.

Go forth and win a name before we wed.

When you return you'll find me waiting here my love to greet."

He stood awhile in silence, then he said,
"Life is short, the poets say, Love; and youth won't last
alway.

Let us not squander all its golden hours.

Ask not fame, my darling Nell; be my wife—I love you well—

Let our home be in this garden 'mid the flowers."

No answering words fell from her lips and sad he turned away

Passed thru the gate and left her standing there,
Nor backward looked nor turned his steps for many a weary day

Toward his childhood home and that old garden fair.
For Fortune frowned; the world was cold with only youth and health

To help him, yet he struggled day by day.

At last the fickle goddess smiled; he won both fame and wealth,

Then yearned to go to her he loved and say,
"Life is passing fast away; soon we'll both be old and gray

Tho we heed it not in youth's bright golden hours.
Forgive my long silence, Nell; be my wife and let us
dwell
Here always in this garden 'mid the flowers."

He'd sent no word in those long years to her he held so
dear,

For he went in bitterness, and now to-day
His heart beat fast as on they sped and her city home drew
near.

How would she greet him who'd been long away?
Her mother met him at the door from which the crape
hung black.

"Nell"—and she said, "God's will be done, not ours.
She died last night. Her last words were, 'I promised—
take me back

To that garden. I'll wait for him 'mid the flowers.' "
Life for her had passed away long ere she was old and
gray.

She had passed from earth ere youth's bright golden
hours

All had fled, his darling Nell. Spite of pride she loved
him well,

And her grave is in the garden 'mid the flowers.

“SOME DAY”.

δ δ δ

(Air of “Beautiful Isle.”)

Some day the dawn shall brighten;
Some day the veil shall part;
Some day life's burden lighten.
Be thou content, my heart.

Cho. Some day, some day,—
Jesus has promised that some day,
Saved by His grace,
We shall see His face
And dwell in His presence—Some day.

Some day shall all life's sadness,
Worry, and care be o'er.
Some day we'll greet with gladness
Loved ones who've gone before. Cho.

Some day shall we behold Him
Crowned on His throne above;
Then shall our arms enfold Him
“Whom, having not seen,” we love. Cho.

Some day He'll give us greeting;
Some day, on His dear breast,
In that glad hour of meeting
He'll grant us the longed-for rest. Cho.

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN OUR SCHOOLS?

δ δ δ

(Written in Teachers' Convention, Amery, Wis., Jan., 1902.
Sung to tune, "Why Don't They Visit the Schools?")

Now please, fellow-workers, give me your attention
A moment. We teachers are met in convention
To argue some questions I scarcely need mention
Of what we're to do in our schools.

Cho.: Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
Here sit the teachers—now why can't we all agree?
If we but could, then each one might plainly see
What he must do in his school.

One says we must teach our wee youngsters the fractions;
Another that he "cannot sanction" such actions;
A third says that *either* plan has its attractions.
Now what shall we teach in our schools? Cho.

One says all the books of to-day we're perusing
Are worthless, and others say they're but amusing,
While one says they're good. Now how shall we be choosing
The books we shall read in our schools? Cho.

One says, "We should open the day's work with prayer;"
Another, "The Bible should have no place there;"
A third, "'Tis a sad waste of time and unfair
To *read, sing, or pray* in our schools." Cho.

One says, "Teach ABC the *very first day*, Sir."

Another, "'Tis out of *date*. That's not the *way*, Sir."

A third one, "The first year's work should be mere play,
Sir."

Now what *shall* we teach in our schools? Cho.

'Tis *right* or 'tis *wrong*, but we can not tell whether.

Now, were all we teachers but "birds of a feather",

Then well we'd agree when we all meet together

On what we must do in our schools. Cho.

GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BY.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

"The time has come for us to part—

Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by.

I clasp you to my aching heart

As swift the moments fly.

The moon is rising o'er the bay;

Stern duty calls me now away.

We'll meet again—God speed the day.

Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by.

Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by; good-by, Sweetheart, good-
by.

We'll meet again—God speed the day.

Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by."

The proud ship sailed at dawn of day
With the outgoing tide
And bore her lover far away
Across the ocean wide.

Years passed and she grew bent and old;
With grief and fear her heart grew cold,
But ne'er returned her lover bold
To claim his bonny bride.

Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by; good-by, Sweetheart, good-
by.
And ne'er returned her lover bold
To claim his bonny bride.

For in a sunny southern land
Across the briny deep,
Upon a shingly coral strand
He lies in peace asleep.

A storm came on, the waves rolled high,
The ship went down. A midnight cry
Arose to heaven. "Sweetheart, good-by!

For me you must not weep.
Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by; good-by, Sweetheart, good-
by.
Good-by—for me you must not weep.
Good-by, Sweetheart, good-by."

THE WAY O' THE WORLD.

δ δ δ

If you have troubles, just heed this, I pray:
 Bury them deep in your heart;
Guard eye and lip, lest you "give them away".
 From trouble you never can part
You've no monopoly, you can depend,
For trouble's the way o' the world, my friend.

If you're misjudged and your friends fall away—
 (Ashamed to be seen at your side)
Vanish like snow on a sunny spring day
 Or ships on an outgoing tide,
Grieve not—'twill come right in the end, never fear;
If not, it's the way o' the world, my dear.

If you've a sweetheart that proveth untrue
 And each loving promise doth break,
Take the advice I give freely to you:
 Forget him.—Another one take.
You may love the latter one best in the end,
For that is the way o' the world, my friend.

Had you a friend whom you prized above all
 Others, and he failed you, too?
Times of adversity oft give a call
 Few friends will respond to, so you
Only are one out of many. Each tear
Wipe away. 'Tis the way o' the world, my dear.

If you have nerves, aches, and pains, do not groan

Nor tell to a neighbor your woe.

Put a brave smile on and bear it alone.

Groans can not help you, you know.

A bright face will always win out in the end,
For that is the way o' the world, my friend.

Lover and friend each may vanish away,

Fortune and health take their flight.

Face the world bravely; heed well what I say—

Tis the one way to win in life's fight,

For when none know your need, all are ready with cheer
And good-will. It's the way o' the world, my dear.

A JANUARY DAY IN WASHINGTON.

♂ ♂ ♂

8 A.M. There's a purple tint on the bare brown hills;
The blue sky smiles at me.

A wren pours forth his heart in trills
From a leafless apple tree.

All Nature seems saying, "Prepare for spring,
For its harbingers you see—

The purple lights on the distant hills,
The breeze, and the bird in the tree."

And I say to my heart, "Be thou not sad;
Tho the world seems dead, 'twill awake. Be glad."

3 P.M. The green firs bend with a moaning sound;
 The sullen clouds scud low,
And sleet and hail make white the ground
 While whistling the cold winds blow.
Gone is the wren with his song so sweet
 (The promise of glad spring days).
In a blinding swirl of rain and sleet,
 Lost is the purple haze.
 But Nature's voice from out the gloom
Calls, "Storms must be ere the flowers may bloom."

"How like is *life* to a day like this,"
 I muse as the storm I view.
"Its morn gives promise of coming bliss
 That ere night is lost to view
In gales of sorrow, trouble, and pain,
 In hail of the world's cold frown"—
"The cross each one must bear who would gain
 The angel's robe and crown,"
God whispers low. "Life's storms are given
To prepare you, child, for the joys of heaven."

REQUESTE.

δ δ δ

“Oh! dear dead days, the days that are no more!”

I never may forget your joys gone by.

My eyes are full of tears; my heart is sore.

“Just for an hour”—this is my bitter cry—

“Let me behold the face for which I pine;

Let, as of old, her lips once more touch mine.”

O Mem’ry, if thou art indeed to me

A friend, show me to-night the well-loved face.

Each treasured feature kindly let me see;

The old-time lovelight let me, lingering, trace
In the fond eyes that greet me now no more.

That must suffice, perhaps, till time be o’er.

Ah! softly, Time. Thy hand, tho cased in glove

Of silk, is none the less a hand of steel.

Deal gently, please, with her I dearly love,

Until we meet again. May I but feel,

When next we meet, that only over night

That face so sweet was hidden from my sight.

SUNRISE AT VANCOUVER, WASH.

♂ ♂ ♂

I stood alone at daybreak
 One morn in early May—
Alone, for a sleeping city
 All round about me lay.
Alone I gazed on the beauty
 That breathed from earth and sky.
Rarer than e'er an artist limned
 It greeted both ear and eye.

A twitter from the bird-beds,
 And soon from bush and tree
Robin and wren sent sweetly forth
 A medley melody.
The rosy-tinted sunbeams
 Gilded Mount Hood, and high
A pearly half-moon lingered,
 Truant, in southern sky.

As I walked on, fresh tribute
 Did Mother Nature bring
To greet the day. A sky-lark
 On swift and airy wing
Rose heavenward, dipped, and circled,
 And from his tiny throat
Poured forth a wondrous melody
 In many a liquid note.

Entranced I stood and listened;
The songster passed from sight.
The earth seemed just awaking
After a restful night.
Fragrance of growing grasses
And many a blossom fair—
Lilac and modest violet—
Perfumed the dewy air.

The great red sun rose higher;
Hood's roseate glow was gone.
Lusterless hung the wan half-moon,
But the birds' songs lilted on.
Though manifold, Vancouver,
Thy varied charms may be,
None can surpass thy sunrise
On a fair May morn for me.

May 6, 1912.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS OF A PESSIMIST.

 ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

A retrospective view to-night
Of all the buried years
That lie between my youth and now
Is seen thru unshed tears,—

Tears for the early graves of all
The fond ideals of youth.
Those vanished years are sepulchers
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Friendship ! 'Tis but an empty name.
It cannot bear the test
Of sorrow or adversity,
But flees at Woe's behest.

Love ! It is all a hollow sham ;
Naught but ephemeral breath
The vows that pledge *its* constancy.
It died an early death.

Truth ? A mere shell—a mockery,
And yet more precious far
To me than all the glittering gauds
Of famed Golconda are.

O Friendship, all unworthiness !
O buried Love and Truth !
What would I give to hold one hour
The pure, bright faith of youth—

The dreams that saw thee, oh ! so fair,
Allied to heaven above,
When friends were true and Truth was king
And all the world was Love.

NIGHT-THOUGHTS OF AN OPTIMIST.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

A retrospective view to-night
Of all that God has sent
To make my sojourn here more bright
Gives thanks for blessings lent ;

Thanks for the memories left to-night—
The memories of youth.

Those vanished years hold much for me
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

'Tis true that some betrayed my trust
(False lights along the shore)
But memory of one fond, true friend
Repays for all—and more.

And Love? Ah! Who can daily see
A mother bend above
Her sleeping babe with shining eyes,
Yet say, "There is no love!"?

And Truth—I'll own much may be false,
Yet let me ask of you
What would be gained by all deceit
If naught on earth were true?

O Friendship, true kinship with Christ,
O holy Mother Love,
Enfold me with your priceless worth—
Rich blessings from above.

And thou, O Truth, God's Holy Truth,
Best gift to mortals given,
Be with me thru this earthly life—
A guidepost unto Heaven.

MOONLIGHT ON THE COLUMBIA.

♂ ♂ ♂

Ah, how I love this balmy moonlit night—
The smoothly rolling river, deep and wide.
On her broad breast the steamer gently rocks,
As gently as a babe in mother's arms;
While from her lighted decks the rhythmic beat
Of dancers' feet falls on my dreaming ear,
The while sweet strains of music lend the charm
Of Fairyland to moonlit shores without.

O'erhead in cloudless sky a harvest moon
Rides at her full; a shifting, gleaming trail
Of wave-flecked, molten silver all the night
Lies on the river, reaching to my feet.
The shimmering moonlight, on the pillared rocks
Of picturesque Cape Horn, transforms them there
To storied castles, built in ages gone
By giant hands. The wondrous mystery
Of earth and sky imbues both heart and brain.

Now and again some frowning, fir-crowned cliff—
Like giant sentinel—the southern shore
O'erhangs; and then the silver moon withdraws
And hides her face in seeming fear, to glow
With splendor thrice-renewed as on our way
We pass and leave each sentinel behind.

O Moon, what witchery is in thy beams,
That all the cares of life are flown away
And all its petty griefs are felt no more
On such a night; but standing face to face
With Nature, we can reverent bow and say,
"God's in His heaven—all the world is well."

LAMENTATIO—PATENTIA.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

She has left us—

Our hearts' own treasure, our darling one.

Mysterious are Thy ways, O Lord. Thou hast bereft us.
Thy will be done.

How we miss her!

Vacant in our family circle her accustomed chair.
We pray, with sad and aching hearts, once more to kiss her,
But vain our prayer.

Thou, Lord hast stricken

Our hearts with sorrow, and we know no peace nor rest.
The days are sad and long, the gloomy shadows thicken,
Yet, Thou knowest best.

Forever parted

From us on earth, but now with Thee above
She rests in joy—an angel, bright, pure-hearted,
Safe in Thy love.

She has risen

To heights all-glorious which our eyes cannot see.
Her soul, O Lord, freed from its earthly prison,
We trust to Thee.

In Memory of Ada Long who died in April, 1892, at
the age of 16.

MOTHER.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

(A Mother's Day Poem for May 14, 1916.)

Who, after long hours spent in toil,
For you has burned the midnight oil?
Who, with her heart beset with fears,
Has wet your pillow oft with tears?

Your Mother.

A finger cut, a nasty fall,—
Whom did you ask for first of all?
In all your times of childish grief
What other brought such sweet relief
As Mother?

You've wept your griefs out on that breast;
Her arms have lulled you oft to rest.
Her lips framed sweetest lullaby
Till you deemed angels sang on high
Like Mother.

Perhaps ere now her hair is gray
And with a staff she aids her way.
Her eye is dimmed by toil and tears
Ofttimes more than by weight of years—
Your Mother.

Be thankful if the coffin-lid
Has not the well-loved features hid.
Rejoice if not thru memory
To-day the tender face you see
Of Mother.

Ah! love and cherish while you may;
 For there may come to you a day
 When, bowed by grief, tears falling fast,
 You on this earth shall look the last
 On Mother.

That form by toil and years bowed down
 Full soon will wear the victor's crown.
 When *you* go Home, your yearning cry
 Will be the one of years gone by—
 “WHERE'S MOTHER?”

MOTHER.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

There, in the “Holy of Holies” that you call my heart,
 On its walls is emblazoned a name
 In letters of gold, to me dearer than aught in earth's mart,
 Far more precious than riches or fame.
 Precious name of “Mother”, wander where you will
 Oh, there is no other gives its tender thrill.
 Sacred name of “Mother”, dearer far to me
 Than the gold or jewels found in mine or sea.

First on my lips when a babe, when the Angel of Death
 Calls my world-weary spirit to God
 Last may it be ere they close, when life's faltering breath
 Leaves them mute to be laid 'neath the sod.
 Precious name of “Mother”, speak it where you may
 Oh, there is no other hath its power to sway.
 Sacred name of “Mother”, dearer far to me
 Then the riches man hath found on land or sea.

YOUR FIELD—LIFE.

δ δ δ

Life is a field that all who live must till—
Must sow and tend and reap.
The seed you sow, let it be what you will,
Remains not as 'tis sown. It lies not still,
But groweth—tho you sleep.

Some forty-fold and more their increase send—
Their harvest, good or ill.
What have you sown, then, in your field to tend ?
Is't grain or tares you'll reap, at harvest's end,
The Master's bin to fill ?

False sowing here you never may undo ;
Its harvest of Regret
Is ever with you. Early choose the true—
Love, Kindness, Charity, and Mercy. You
Those God-given plants must set.

And set in early spring those plants so fair,
The early spring of youth.
Your Field of Life unto the Gardener's care
Commit, and by His counsels you may there
Rear blooms of rarest truth.

Tho adverse winds and storms may often beat,
You cannot suffer loss
If you have made your ramparts all complete
And fenced your field with that Old Story sweet—
The Story of the Cross.

And when the harvest time shall come full fast,
 And when no more your field
May know you, with all time forever past
For sowing or for tending,—then at last
 You must accept your yield.

How in that time your spirit will rejoice,
 Freed from earth's toil and loam,
If in the field you've set the Master's choice;
For then you'll hear that well-beloved voice,
 "Bring thou thy harvest HOME."

FLOWERS OF "AULD LANG SYNE".

❀ ❀ ❀

(Memory's Nosegay.)

Just a glimpse of the old-fashioned posies—
 How they bring back my girlhood again!
As I smell them—sweet-William and clover—
 With the pleasure that yet holds a pain,
All its innocent joys and dead fancies
 They revive as does grass with the rain.

A bouquet of old-fashioned sweet-Williams
 I have gathered and carry to-day.
As I bury my face in its fragrance,
 How both distance and time roll away!
I no longer am old or am lonely;
 I no longer am wrinkled and gray.

But I see, in an old-fashioned garden,
 Mignonette and pink rosebuds so fair
Where sweet-clover and marigold yellow
 Nod their heads in the cool evening air,
And a wistful-eyed child thru the pickets
 Feasts her soul on the fairyland there.

There "old man", four-o'clock, and sweet-briar
 All look up from their prim-bordered bed
And a white-capped old lady bends o'er them.
 How the sun gilds her silvery head!
But the flowers live in memory only
 And their owner is long with the dead.

Sweet rosemary and phlox and verbena,
 Purple lilac, petunia, and rose—
What a riot of color and fragrance
 That bouquet, thru my memory, shows.
Ah! my love for that long-ago garden
 And its flowers will remain to life's close.

When at last from the kindly death-angel
 Comes the call for my soul to depart,
And my body to rest 'neath the willows
 Is laid low, let no bitter tears start,
But a breast-knot of old-fashioned posies
 Kindly lay o'er my cold, pulseless heart.

FINIS.

ꝝ ꝝ ꝝ

A face on my breast and my own bending low,
Heart speaking to heart in a lingering kiss,
My soul meeting thine with the touching of lips—
And my arms hold my world in a rapture of bliss.

Oh! arms all too empty for many long years
And soon, all too soon, to be empty again.
E'en now, Dear, I see thee thru slow-gath'ring tears
While my arms clasp thee close—pleasure more than
half pain.

As on thy closed eyelids I lay my fond lips,
On brow and on cheek as they rest on my heart,
How little thou dreamest, my Darling, that tears
Unshed dim my eyes with their blistering smart.

In memory oft shall my arms fold thee close;
In fancy I'll fondly touch hair, brow, and eye
And respond to the lure of thy lips seeking mine
While my arms held the world and I bade it good-bye.

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